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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		
NOTES	639	Young England. By J. F. R.	648	REVIEWS :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		Mr. Bancroft's Pilgrimage. By G. B. S.	649	Ibsen's New Play	654
The Struggle for Naval Supremacy	642	MONEY MATTERS	651	Another View of "Maggie"	655
Irish Taxation	643	New Issues—Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's Promotions; Kiernan's Palace of Varieties; Moulton's Soap Works; Thornhill, Clunie & Co.	652	English Churches and Vandalism	655
The Chartered Company Inquiry	644	Advice to Investors	653	Verse	656
SPECIAL ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE :		Lampeter Theology	657
A Symbolist Farce. By Arthur Symons	645	English Commerce and American Politics	653	A History of the Coldstream Guards	657
Weather Prediction in India. By Professor Douglas Archibald	646			Mr. Vandam's Latest Book	657
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :				Fiction	658
Lord Leighton's Drawings. By D. S. M.	647			More Christmas Books	659
				This Week's Books	659
				ADVERTISEMENTS	660-668

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NOTES.

WHAT an immeasurable distance there is between wit and mere platform jocosity such as that of Mr. Asquith at Manchester! When Mr. Disraeli spoke in the Pomona Gardens he described the Front Opposition Bench as "a row of extinct volcanos." When Sir William Harcourt wanted to chaff Lord Cranborne he spoke of him as "the lay impropriator of ecclesiastical prejudices." Contrast these finished epigrams with the following sentence from Mr. Asquith's speech at the Reform Club, last week:—"On the question of leaders I have very little to say. I read in the newspapers yesterday a speech delivered somewhere in Scotland, by one of the ablest of the younger members of the Liberal party who represents that part of the kingdom, in which he declared as the result of his experience in the House of Commons—he was not confining his observations entirely to the Liberal side—that the gentlemen who sit upon the Front Benches were very ordinary persons with a very extraordinary opinion of themselves. (Loud laughter.) We have all of us thought the same (laughter)," &c. &c.

And this slip-slop is supposed to represent the flower of Oxford culture! Mr. Asquith thinks that the question of the Radical leadership is one which there is no hurry to settle, and this is natural enough, as Mr. Asquith was the youngest member of the late Cabinet. But Mr. Asquith is mistaken if he fancies that a command of middle-class Macaulayese is of itself sufficient to place a man at the head even of the Radical party. "Every party in this country has the leader whom it deserves and requires," observed Mr. Asquith oracularly. "If they" (who are they?) "show themselves unequal to the trust reposed in them and to the task they are called upon to discharge, the country may take comfort in the thought that there is always an adequate supply of gentlemen who are perfectly willing and ready to take their places."

These Delphic jests seemed to tickle the groundlings of Manchester consumedly: in reality, they are quite meaningless. The question is not whether there is an adequate supply of gentlemen who are "willing and ready" to lead the Radical party, but whether there is any one man who is *able* to do so. The fact is that rhetorical ability is only one, and not the most important, of the qualifications of a party leader. The House of Commons is a middle-class mob with a sprinkling of aristocrats and men of fashion. It is ruled by London society, for Lord Beaconsfield truly observed in "Endymion" that "politics to a man who is not in London society is a game of blind man's buff." Both Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt have,

of course, the social qualifications; but if the former should drift into the Unionist camp, and anything should happen to the latter, we should like to know where Mr. Asquith's "adequate supply" would be. The Morleys, the Fowlers, the Campbell-Bannermans are out of the question. And though Mr. Asquith was transplanted at forty from Hampstead to Cavendish Square, we do not share his confidence that he is the man.

Much more to the point than Mr. Asquith's inanities was Sir Henry Fowler's reference to the fact that for twenty years the Liberal party was weakened by the rivalry of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. A glance at history shows us that it is only rarely that a genius arises, like Disraeli or Gladstone, who is strong enough to beat down all rivals and really lead his party alone. The second Pitt was unquestioned master of the Tory party for a quarter of a century. After his death in 1807 the leadership fell into the hands of the mediocrities—Perceval, Portland, Liverpool, Castle-reagh, and Goderich—until Canning rose and seized it for a few months. When Canning died in 1828, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel divided the Tory command for thirteen years, until in 1841 Sir Robert Peel became supreme. For twenty years, from 1846 to 1866, Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell disputed, as we have said, the leadership of the Whigs.

At the time of his appointment we took occasion to prove that Lord Acton's liking for bad English was inveterate. The study of his inaugural address forced us to the conclusion that his affection for incongruous metaphors and high-sounding phrases devoid of definite meaning showed confusion of thought, the notorious characteristic of a feeble intelligence. Yet weakness of mind and a high-vaulting ambition can, it seems, exist together; for Lord Acton's latest scheme is a colossal absurdity that moves even the "Times" to "a certain sense of awe" not far removed from contempt, and that amply justifies our strictures. Briefly, Lord Acton intends to call the best historians of England and America together and get them to expound "the argument of universal history" in a dozen or more unwieldy tomes.

He declares gravely that an attempt will be made, "perhaps for the first time in literature, to exhibit the cause and the growth and the power of the ruling currents (*sic!*) that still govern and divide (!) the world, and to provide chart and compass for the age to come." Think of the pompous movement of this incoherency, and imagine the man who writes this jargon talking about literature! And then imagine Bishop Creighton agreeing absolutely with Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. John Morley's mind working easily on the lines laid down by an Acton. Another Truthful James is wanted to record the inauguration of this society upon the Cam. The scholars of Cambridge must feel indebted to their Regius Professor of History for bringing them to public

ridicule. Really it would seem as if Lord Salisbury were determined to win notoriety if not fame by his appointments. Lord Acton bids fair to rival Mr. Alfred Austin

The National Liberal Federation met in a moral and material fog at Liverpool on Wednesday. The wire-pullers know that Armenia is for party purposes a dead horse, and yet it is put in the forefront of a "fighting" programme, and after it comes Education, which, it is true, did excellent service last year, but will assuredly be out of sight before Easter. Finally comes "organization," as if organization were of the remotest use to an aggressive party without any of the steam of enthusiasm to make the machine work. The local President declared that there were "more Liberals in Liverpool than in any other city in the kingdom, except London," and did not seem conscious of the fact that in these words he had pronounced the condemnation of his party; for what is the use of "Liberals" who do not vote, and who in Liverpool, as in London, allow the seats to go to the Tories? Of course there are plenty of men in the big cities who fancy themselves Liberals in some vague way, but they will never vote for a gang of fussy crotchet-mongers who represent what is called Liberalism in the Little Bethels and middle-class caucuses from which the party at present gets its inspiration. If a few more M.P.'s had the courage to do as Mr. Johnson Ferguson has done at Loughborough, and snap their fingers at the local caucus, they would be surprised to find how many supporters they would get who now stay at home or vote Tory.

Baron de Courcel has no doubt at least one excellent reason for resigning his post as Ambassador in London. But we refuse to believe that it is the one given by M. de Blowitz—namely, discouragement at his ill-success in settling outstanding questions between France and England. It is true that Lord Rosebery has confided to the public that he very nearly went to war with France about Siam. But since Lord Salisbury's arrival in Downing Street there can be no doubt that our relations with France have improved. Sir Edmund Monson's speech at the Élysée the other day produced an excellent impression. And if we have made the Nile expedition, why, France has annexed Madagascar.

Race hatred will account for much; but it requires some stimulus before it will break into flame; and what we hear of General Weyler's procedure in Cuba permits us to believe that Spanish methods of repression are as likely to fan as to extinguish the fire. "God help the bear that may not suck his own paws," Scott is said to have retorted when Byron satirized him for writing for money; and the planters whom General Weyler punishes for paying black mail to the rebels against whom he cannot protect them appear to be in like case.

The Americans naturally object to see a branch of their commerce destroyed by methods which they can hardly approve. The outcry about Maceo simply helps to fan the flame. That he fell into an ambuscade seems to be the reverse of truth. Though, if he did, ambuscades are, after all, fair war. Whether he was killed while lying wounded is a point that will probably never be cleared up. Nor does the precise fate of a single man signify much. What concerns us is the underlying motive of revolt, and the immediate prospects with regard to these two last great colonies of Spain. It is difficult to resist the impression that they are going the way of the rest.

The most grievous feature of all Labour disputes is that it is impossible to rely upon the word of the employés or their representatives. Even writing does not bind them, as is shown in the recent Railway crisis. Last week Mr. Ritchie had interviews with Mr. Harrison, general manager of the London and North-Western Railway, and Mr. Harford, secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. The result was that the Company agreed to reinstate its dismissed servants, to receive any representations its employés might make, and to grant a personal con-

ference in cases where a favourable reply could not be given to the representations. Clause 4 in the arrangement was as follows:—"No hostile action will be taken on either side pending the proposed negotiations." All this was published in two official letters from the Board of Trade on Saturday, 12 December.

Notwithstanding this, Mr. Harford attended a meeting of Trade-Unionists at Manchester on Sunday afternoon "to protest against the outrageous conduct of the London and North-Western with regard to their men." In the course of his speech Mr. Harford said:—"They had been able to bring to their senses one of the largest, but at the same time one of the most arbitrary, and—should he say?—one of the most cowardly bodies of employers." This, then, is what Mr. Harrison has gained by making concessions to and entering into an agreement with Mr. Harford, whose whole speech was couched in the language of vulgar boasting. "The Company might send for seven or seventeen of their own workmen, but they would have to reckon with him after all," continued this modest diplomatist. "There was no man who would go before the Company without first seeking his advice. He sat very quietly in his office in London, but it must not be forgotten that he pulled the strings, and the figures worked accordingly." Considering that it was mainly due to the prompt and tactful intervention of Mr. Ritchie that the terms of truce were settled, the most charitable supposition is that success has turned Mr. Harford's head.

We are willing to believe that the railway servants are better than their representative; but if they want to secure the continued support of the public, the employés must muzzle this blundering Bombastes. The public does not regard with sympathy a negotiator who breaks the most important term of a treaty before the ink is dry. Bullying is worse than useless in dealing with corporations so strong as the railways. With regard to the merits of the dispute, there is no doubt that the hours of the railway servants are often too long. On this point Mr. Ritchie has again rendered good service by inducing the London and North-Western to give their waggon-examiners at Willesden regular meal-times. With regard to wages, the "Economist" has pointed out that in the last six and a half years, since 1889, the amount paid in wages by the principal companies has increased by £3,190,000, or 22½ per cent. The increase in the gross revenue was 12½ per cent., or £7,652,000, so that increased wages have absorbed 41½ per cent. of the increased earnings. The North-Western paid over three millions in wages for the year ended 30 June last, which is more than 25 per cent. of its gross earnings.

"The Prince of begging-letter writers" has come by his due; and on Thursday Mr. Labouchere gained a bloodless victory over "Brooks of Halesworth." The Rev. George was game to the very last. The success of the man has hitherto been well-nigh incredible. In 1887 he was a bankrupt, with debts—still unpaid—owing to small tradesmen. By the end of last year he had got over £7,800, mainly the fruits of begging-letter writing. We might have been disposed to regard Mr. Brooks with a certain cynical respect as a man who, after all, was clever enough to bamboozle his fellow-Christians. But in the witness-box he proved himself to be fully as great a fool as those who were confiding enough to send him money; and such a nauseating spectacle of religious hypocrisy as he presented on cross-examination by Sir Frank Lockwood, could scarcely be found outside the bounds of Great Britain. Mr. Labouchere deserves the warmest thanks of the whole community; and he will doubtless receive them. He will doubtless, also, have to pay out of his own pocket for the laurel wreath he will wear. When will the law be so altered that security for costs can be got from notoriously impecunious litigants?

News from the Philippines has to be received with caution, because the Spanish officials place difficulties in the way of independent inquiry; and one has to judge between the conflicting statements that emanate from the opposing parties. It may be inferred, however,

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from the reported concentration of the Spaniards upon Manila that the insurrection tends to gain strength; for reinforcements are continually arriving, and it is estimated that there will soon be 25,000 Spanish troops in the colony. A great many of these are raw recruits, it is true; but if confidence continued to be felt in the native soldiers, it should be possible to extend rather than contract operations. The future depends largely on this point. A great many have sided with the rebels; but there is jealousy, if not antagonism, between the inhabitants of different districts, and this tends to prevent unanimity.

While admitting that there is truth in the charges of extortion and misgovernment, the foreign mercantile community are disposed to sympathize with the Spaniards, as representing the cause of law and order. The truth seems to be that officials sent out from Spain are liable to be recalled with every change of Government, besides having sometimes to pay for their posts. They act, under these circumstances, very much like Chinese mandarins, and pocket all they can. If the clerical party vie with the officials in calling for energetic "repression," it must be noted that the rebels have killed and often cruelly tortured such friars as they could catch.

There exists among the inhabitants of the Philippines a certain element of the personal ambition which is responsible for so much turbulence in the South American Republics. The priests denounce the intriguers as Freemasons and Socialists; admitting no possibility of salvation except in the blind obedience and unquestioning superstition which clericalism is wont to require; and the "Freethinkers" retaliate after their kind. It will tax General Polavieja's political and administrative capacity to recover control. There is a good deal, of course, to be said on both sides. If the officials extort, they are in a measure driven to it; if the priests oppress, they also protect the natives upon occasion. The rich half-castes—half Chinese and half Malay, principally, be it understood—are accused as the chief instigators of the revolt; but it is hardly conceivable that they would find so much material to work with if there were not cause for disaffection.

That the purchase of the London Water Companies will increase the Water rate and also the County Council rate for the interest on the debt we think is more than probable. At least we have not seen Sir John Lubbock's figures answered by an equal authority. But that is not now the point: the ratepayers will have it so, and there's an end of it. The question of interest now is, Will the Government oppose or assist the purchase Bills which the County Council has prepared for introduction next Session? It is very important to note that the new Bills concede the two points demanded by the Moderates—viz. (1) That the arbitration clause should be a fair one; (2) That the claims of the outside local authorities should be attended to. The material part of the new purchase clause runs as follows:—"The consideration to be paid for the undertaking shall be such sum of money as the arbitrators determine to be the fair and reasonable value, having regard to all the circumstances of the case."

Another clause provides that the Council shall sell the pipes and mains to a local authority which asks for the purchase within two years of the transfer. The Lands Clauses Act is of course incorporated, but the additional 10 per cent. for compulsory purchase, which is not in the Lands Clauses Act, but which it has been the invariable custom to pay, is expressly disallowed. On the other hand, there is to be an addition to the market price of the stock to cover the necessary cost to the shareholders of reinvesting their money. These are fair terms of expropriation, and are very much on the lines which we foreshadowed in this Review last September. We should not be surprised if in these circumstances the Government were to accept the Bills next year.

We do not want to be perpetually "nagging" at the "Daily Chronicle," in so many respects the best of

the London papers; but its editorial note on the projected closer relations between Canada and the United States can scarcely be passed without comment. Readers of our recent article, "Waiting for the Colonies," will remember that we pointed out the existence of an alarming state of things across the Atlantic. The Dominion is convinced that "splendid isolation" is disastrous to its welfare, and that, failing commercial federation with the Mother-country, fiscal arrangements must be entered into with the United States, and quite frankly it is declared in Canada that such arrangements will involve discrimination against the Mother-land. One would imagine that no Englishman, with a grain of patriotism or common sense, would regard this prospect as other than most calamitous. But the really able "Chronicle" positively chuckles!

In the absence of any certain information, there seems to be a growing disbelief that Russia can have acquired the alleged lien on Port Arthur, Taliewan, and Kiao-chiao in case of war. It is not Russia's policy to irritate Japan so openly—at any rate before the Siberian railway is finished. Besides, Russia was not alone in her intervention. England protected the Yangtze, and France and Germany joined in reclaiming Liaotung. Some of these Powers might object to Russia gathering all the spoil. It was suggested so long ago as last February, when the fancy of Russia for Kiao-chiao was first named, that the best solution would be to open it as a treaty port. Chefoo, the only treaty port at present open in Shantung, is by no means well situated. A range of hills cuts it off from the interior; it is distant from the chief inland towns, and the anchorage is exposed. Kiao-chiao Bay is of considerable extent, and well protected, though said to be shallow in parts. It has the advantage, also, of being much nearer Tsinan, the capital and chief trading centre of the province.

In the matter of Asian Railways we shall gain nothing by abusing Russia and calling on China to stop her. The enterprise of a comparatively poor country like Russia in starting the most stupendous railway undertaking ever planned should stimulate us to make use of our better position and better opportunities. Our Euphrates Valley line to India hangs fire, because for some thousand miles between Karrachi and Basra the railway could not possibly pay its expense; yet Russia cheerfully takes in hand for Imperial purposes five thousand miles that are never intended to pay. We notice that Mr. C. E. D. Black is again to the fore with his scheme for a line from Alexandria straight across Arabia. We fail to see a single advantage in this route as compared with the natural and desirable one from Alexandretta, through the Euphrates Valley; and even if it were a good line in itself, its terminus at Alexandria would be fatal to it. If we wished to choose a route that would result in all Europe uniting against us, we could not do better than choose that through Suez.

After Mrs. Le Champion's suicide who shall say that there is any difficulty in obtaining as much poison as you want from a chemist—provided always you are well-dressed? This unhappy lady bought a bottle of laudanum containing four ounces, together with some cotton-wool. She told the chemist that she wanted to steep the cotton-wool in the laudanum and wrap it round her arm, in which she suffered from rheumatic pain. It appeared from the evidence that Mrs. Le Champion was known to the chemist as a customer; but she was certainly unprovided with a prescription signed by a doctor. We believe that chemists nowadays refuse to sell poison for the destruction of cats and dogs, offering to perform the operation themselves, when it is a case of a customer. But the rheumatic arm is apparently better than the harmless, necessary cat.

A great many people in this country live comfortably under the delusion that our penal system, like our Poor-law system, is the best of possible systems, and that the decreasing number of prisoners in the gaols and convict establishments is a proof of it. A little investigation

will show that short sentences and the First Offenders Act are entitled to the credit for this apparent improvement, and that, as a matter of fact, there is an increase in crimes of violence against persons and property, in crimes committed by persons between sixteen and twenty-one years of age, and in habitual criminals. These facts were established and admitted at the discussion on the subject at the Statistical Society this week, and it would be difficult to name three more certain indices of deterioration. The fact is that our modern system has become a steadily working machine for the breeding of criminals. The men who at one time were swept off by pestilence, disease, and the gallows, or were shipped off to the colonies, are now carefully lodged and nursed into some semblance of physical health, and then released to breed more sinners. Their offspring have no possible chance of a fair start in life. They are born criminals, and they begin in their profession as soon as they come to years of discretion. The complete and permanent isolation of every confirmed *récidiviste* may seem rather an extreme violation of personal liberty, but it is the only method by which criminal species will ever be exterminated.

The agitation for changes in Private Bill Procedure has not caused much of a flutter among Parliamentary barristers and agents. The "Times" has, indeed, blessed the agitation, but those whom it is levelled against remember that most of the reforms marked "urgent" by the "Times" have failed to come off. Then they are able to gauge, as few others can, the magnitude of the obstacles in the way of a Conservative Government dealing with this matter. The vested interests opposed to such a change form the very backbone of the capitalist Conservatism of the day; they are the very parties this Government can least afford to offend. As a fact, discontent with the present procedure is not nearly so deep as the uninitiated might imagine. The provosts and bailies and other local magnates in Scotland must, for the sake of public form, enter their protest against having to come to the English capital to get confirmation of their local schemes. But everyone knows very well that the last thing these worthies want is to be deprived of the justification for frequent jaunts to London at their locality's expense.

There is hope for the efficiency of the Bench when the Bar takes the matter up, and when a popular Q.C. has the courage to declare that "in the interests of the public it is desirable that the principle of compulsory retirement, after a given number of years' service, should be applied to the Judicial Bench." This is what Mr. Candy proposes to move to-night (Friday) at the Hardwicke Society, and there can be no doubt that it will be carried. Seeing that there are at present ten Judges who have exceeded all reasonable limits, this is a pretty broad hint, and we hope it will have its effect. Judges and statesmen are the only public servants permitted to cling to office long after their efficiency has begun to decline, and the results in the former case are grave inconvenience, delay of justice, and serious danger of miscarriages of justice. The idea that a man, after an active life in the Courts, on circuit and in Parliament, should be allowed to doze on the Bench for twenty or twenty-five years longer at the expense of litigants is really too absurd to be argued about any longer.

We have read a great many reviews of Mr. Crockett's books without getting any definite idea of his position as a writer. In this print he was praised heedlessly, in that criticized savagely. True, the papers which poured contempt upon him were more deserving of credence than those which supported him. But in spite of a growing conviction that his work was not really good, we bought the other day his "Grey Man," and read it from title to colophon. It is nothing more or less than a book for boys; the hero who tells the tale rides a sort of steeplechase over fantastic adventures and at length wins the maiden of high degree. There is no attempt at characterization, the incidents are not even graduated according to their interest, nor are they subjected to any canon of probability. It would be absurd to criticize such a production exhaustively; Mr. Crockett is to the boys of to-day, and to Mr. Andrew Lang, what Mr. Henty was to the boys of a generation ago, and that is all.

THE STRUGGLE FOR NAVAL SUPREMACY.

M R. GOSCHEN made a most unfortunate prediction when he said on 23 April of this year that "the expenditure for naval construction was heavy, but next year would be considerably reduced." He alarmed those Englishmen who look beyond their noses, and who were aware that the present programme, if fairly satisfactory as an instalment, could not finally secure to us the command of the sea. He gave some measure of encouragement to the efforts of our foreign rivals to overtake us. If he had held his peace, he would not now be open to the charge of want of foresight, nor would he have had to face the difficulties which he will certainly have to encounter if he raises the expenditure on new construction. He yielded to the party of reaction, and, as is usually the case, he has gained nothing by his concession.

There seems to be every probability that the next few years will witness a furious competition in naval armaments. If Captain Mahan instructed us, he has also instructed others. Germany, in particular, has profited by his teaching, and is evincing every intention of practically applying it. The German Estimates, which stood at £2,750,000 in 1889, are £4,372,000 in 1896, and are to be no less than £6,450,000 in 1897, if the Kaiser has his way. It is proposed to lay down one large battleship and two large cruisers, besides smaller vessels; and all these, including the ships on the stocks, are to be built very fast. Russia is likewise projecting an enormous increase in her Estimates. She is proposing to lay down one battleship for each British battleship, a policy which hitherto she has not carried out in its magnificent completeness. But she is building her ships rapidly, and her "Peresvet" and "Ossabia," laid down last winter, are to be launched early in the spring, and to be completed in two years. We may doubt the possibility of this, yet the main fact remains that she is building rapidly. She is proposing gradually to raise her estimates to £9,000,000 a year—an increase of 50 per cent. on the present figure. France, as we have seen, is not lagging behind her. M. Lockroy has carefully catalogued all the defects of the French navy in an alarmist pamphlet—in which there is much truth from the French point of view; and then he comes down to the Chamber with a modest petition for £8,000,000 extra, to be spread over four years and to be devoted to new construction. Though he has not carried his proposal, and though many of his alarmist statements have been flatly contradicted, the French Minister of Marine has accepted the essence of his plan, and will mature a scheme for large additions to the French fleet. It is to be noted that most of the speakers in the debate called for that type of ship which would be fitted for war with England rather than with Germany. Against Germany, if France wants anything, she wants battleships; against England, if she is going to fall back upon commerce-destruction, she wants cruisers and small fast craft. For cruisers and these small craft, MM. Lockroy, de Kerjégu, Delcasse, and Deloncle are asking with one accord. A French Navy League is to be constituted, and this is another sign of the times. Nor is Italy going to be left behind. A credit of £300,000 for new construction, over and above her ordinary estimates, is demanded. So terrible is this struggle looming up before Europe, so potent is the influence of maritime power on land campaigns, that no nation dares to be left behind. Europe, in Bismarck's words, is like a man in a suit of armour much too heavy for him. And yet not Europe only, but the United States, Japan, Chili, and the Argentine are also feverishly arming.

For England to lag behind in this race would be suicidal. Even if these armaments are not actually directed against her, they may always be used against her. She must be ready to meet them. In Mr. Goschen's words, a navy is an "expensive necessity" to her; to others an "expensive luxury." She must command the sea. What defensive arrangements she has made are all planned upon the supposition that she will command the sea. If she does not the Empire falls to pieces like the house which was built upon the sands, and this country will be in a position of "splendid isolation" from its possessions and from the world.

For the command of the sea, which of necessity involves a great superiority in force to the possible enemy, our naval strength is at present inadequate in battleships. We can confidently assert this because there are two official, expert standards in existence, and we are below either of them. The first is the Report of the three Admirals in 1888, which lays down the necessary proportion of strength for a blockade at five, or at the least four, British ships to every three of the enemy. The second is the standard issued in a Parliamentary paper of 1889. It requires a superiority of 33 per cent. to the combined French and Russian battleships. The two have a connexion, but both have been disregarded and conveniently forgotten. At the present date, by the official return of last month, the figures are : Britain, fifty-seven ; France, thirty-five ; and Russia, eighteen battleships. If the British ships are larger, and in some cases more heavily armed, on the other hand we have sixteen ships armed with the old muzzle-loader, and almost entirely without quick-firers. For fighting purposes Admiral Colomb has admitted that some deduction must be made from these. It is an open question whether muzzle-loaders could be worked at all under the deadly hail of quick-firing guns, as the men loading must, in most of the ships, be much exposed. If we look at these guns only as old, and therefore feeble, weapons, we carry old guns in twice as many ships as the French and Russians. Nor is this the full measure of our weakness. As we have pointed out before in these columns, Russia has a group of small but modern ironclads, which are classed as "coast-defence ships," but which are really quite capable of work in the line. They do not carry much coal, it is true; but has not our own Mr. Goschen said, "Defensive naval strategy does not necessitate coal supply"? Add, therefore, these three ships to the opposing fleet; deduct, as you must fairly deduct, the ineffectives on either side—and we have more ineffectives—and the fleets of battleships are equal in numbers. In quality we may have some advantage, but it is not very great.

Now this is supposed to be our "command of the sea": the very condition against which Sir John Colomb warned us earnestly, when he said in the debate on the Estimates, on 5 March, 1896: "He hoped that they had got away from the fallacious idea that if our fleet was equal to the two greatest foreign fleets we were all secure." We have step by step, bit by bit, fallen from our old ideals. First, we had a fleet as strong as the other fleets of the world combined, in the days of the old French war; then a fleet superior to the two fleets strongest after our own, when combined; now a fleet equal in the most important class of ship to these two next strongest fleets. And this has come to pass though we see that the attack upon commerce is never so terrible as when it is supported by a great strength of battleships; though we are warned by an expert, Mr. Danson, that the carrying trade will leave our flag never to return, if it is plundered again as it was plundered for all our strength and all our qualitative superiority in Napoleon's day. How does our practical equality in battleships to-day compare with our figure in 1804, when we had more than two ships to our enemies' one? Yet the risk that we ran in 1805 was a terrible one. "In my belief," said Sir W. Vernon Harcourt in the debate on the Estimates, "the nation will always demand that you shall have a number, and a considerable number, of vessels in the Channel, which are not to go to the end of the world in case of war. We do not believe that the nation will ever again run the risk which was nearly fatal to it just before the battle of Trafalgar." This declaration was repeated in almost identical terms in the "Daily Chronicle" of 21 October. We are to tie part of our fleet of battleships to the Channel: but we have no spare ships of effective value there to tie. Equally explicit were the three Admirals we have quoted. They insisted upon a Reserve fleet in the Channel. Equally clear is the teaching of democratic war in the United States during 1861-5. Lincoln dared not uncover Washington except at the close of the war, when the Confederacy was writhing in the dust.

The need for more battleships is made more pressing by the projected addition of one battleship to the French

programme, and two battleships and one powerful coast-defence ship to the Russian programme. Admiral Colomb, indeed, has questioned the value of the battleship, and his opinion must always carry great weight. We look up to him as a master and teacher. But here Captain Mahan is against him, and a great weight of English naval authority. Moreover, whilst other nations build these big ships, we too must. They may be wrong, but they also may be right; and if they are right, there is instant ruin for us if we are not provided with the battleship. Once more to quote Mr. Goschen—for we are anxious to carry conviction by calling the most important witnesses—"if we are to wait for absolute unanimity with regard to the defences of the country, the work would continually lag behind, as it has lagged behind in the past, and we should never get forward at all." Whilst we were considering whether destroyer or battleship was going to win, our rivals would have built one or other, and would be ready to beat us. Of course, if we cannot afford to lay down more ships or to keep our greatness; if manhood and honour have died out from this nation, let it then surrender its Empire and sell its fleet for what it will fetch rather than maintain an inadequate, and therefore useless, force at vast expense. There will then be no more armaments, and perhaps no more England.

IRISH TAXATION

WERE it not that the "Times" has lost all claim either to indicate or to direct Unionist policy in Ireland, the tone of its recent articles on the Report of the Financial Relations Commission would make us fear that we were on the verge of another act of national folly and injustice. Happily, however, there is little danger of any Government, Tory or Radical, again following the sinister guidance of the patrons of Mr. Pigott. We may make blunders in the future, as we have made them in the past, but, for the present generation at least, a signal from Printing House Square will, so far as the Irish question is concerned, be regarded merely as a danger signal. What is the situation? When the Unionist Government in 1886 undertook to meet and beat Home Rule on the simple ground of "equal and indifferent justice" to all parts of the United Kingdom, Mr. Goschen found himself confronted with some disquieting facts or assertions about excessive taxation in Ireland. He denied them, as half a dozen Chancellors of the Exchequer—from Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe down to Mr. Childers—had denied them before. But he went further: he declared that, as a proof of English good faith in the matter, and to set the recriminations at rest for ever, he would cause an inquiry to be made into the whole question of the financial relations of the two countries. A Committee was appointed, including the leading men on both sides—Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Balfour, Mr. Childers and Mr. Morley—and a score of others; but a factious little Welsh group obstructed and wrangled on the silly ground that Wales should be included in the inquiry, until at last Mr. Goschen gave the scheme up in despair. With the change of Government, and the possibility of Home Rule, some settlement became more pressing than ever, and Mr. Gladstone appointed a Royal Commission with the composition of which there was not at the time a whisper of discontent on either side. That Commission—which appears to a certain extent to have been afflicted with the undue verbosity of its author—has produced a jumble of minority reports, draft reports, "notes" and "memoranda," which have somewhat confused the issues by their bulk and number; but there is happily a "final joint report," the gist of which lies in three sentences:

"That the Act of Union imposed upon Ireland a burden which, as events showed, she was unable to bear;

"That the increase of taxation laid upon Ireland between 1853 and 1860 was not justified by the then existing circumstances;

"That while the actual tax-revenue of Ireland is about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one-twentieth."

These three propositions are so simple and clear that

we had thought there could be no mistake about them. There are many difficulties when we come to the question of how the admitted inequality is to be redressed, but as regards the essential facts there is absolutely no room for dispute. But what does the "Times" do? It stumbles on the threshold over the hint that the Union was not a perfect revelation of divine wisdom, and cries out in a succession of amazing articles that this is another Home Rule trick—"the whole proceeding is a mere branch of the policy of Home Rule"—as if the statement that two and two make four lost any of its force from being uttered by a Home Ruler. In the excess of its wrath it even hurls from his throne its own chosen idol to whom we have so often been exhorted to bow in unquestioning adoration. When some blasphemer suggested that Cobdenism and the millennium were not interchangeable terms, that cheap bread might be bought too dear at the cost of the ruin of our agriculture, or that a farthing in the pound on sugar was not too great a price to pay to avert the ruin of the West Indies, we felt certain that we should find a column of the most conspicuous type and in the most conspicuous place in the "Times," signed "Farrer," denouncing all who propounded such heresies, and that on the opposite page there would be the usual leader saying ditto to Lord Farrer. Now the "Times" has discovered that Lord Farrer is a mere "official Gladstonian and well-known supporter of Home Rule," whose facts are all wrong, whose arguments are absurd, whose conclusions are fallacies. Surely this is the very ecstasy of folly. Lord Farrer is not so great and infallible a man as the "Times" declared him to be yesterday, neither is he such a transparent impostor as the "Times" declares him to be to-day. He is simply a hard-headed and somewhat dogmatic official, whose really safe ground is that of figures and accounts, but whose weakness it is ridiculously to over-estimate himself in the matter of economic theories. The unhappy "Times" swears by his absurd theories, but will have none of his incontestable facts!

The irony of the situation lies in the fact that the "Times" has commenced to fire its ancient blunderbuss on a false alarm. The reference to the Union although necessary for the elucidation of the subject from the historical point of view, has no bearing on the practical problem before us at present. It was not the Union, but the French war, that dislocated Irish finances and rendered necessary the financial amalgamation of 1817. In 1817 and for thirty-six years after Ireland had no financial grievance. The taxation was low, much lower than that of England, and it was designedly so; for Peel, carrying out the wise *ante bellum* policy of Pitt, made allowances for the deplorable economic condition to which centuries of misgovernment and anarchy had reduced the country. Then came Mr. Gladstone, arrogant and self-confident—the young man in a hurry. Equal and indiscriminate taxation—the weak to bear the same burden as the strong—was his motto, and Ireland, just then labouring through her most terrible troubles, with a fourth of her population wiped out by famine, pestilence and wholesale emigration, was saddled with Spirit duties and Income-tax, and two or three other imposts till then unknown. The simple figures of the Treasury returns tell their own tale. In 1851 Ireland's total taxation was, in round numbers, £4,800,000; in 1860 it was £7,700,000—an increase of 58 per cent. on a falling population and diminishing resources; and at or about that figure it has remained ever since. Mr. Gladstone, of course, refused to see it—that was his business. Again and again he declared that the "equity, liberality, and fairness" of the new arrangement had been proved. His own Commission has now declared that that arrangement was neither equitable, liberal, nor fair, and the hack leader-writers of Printing House Square suggest that the Unionist Government should take on its shoulders the burden of defending Mr. Gladstone's blunders! There is, we hope, no fear of the adoption of a policy so suicidal, so dishonest, so shortsighted. It is a mere question of figures and of national good faith. The Union has nothing to do with the over-rating of Ireland, nor has the "blackguardly" Mr. Pitt: it was simply a piece of obstinate doctrinaire financial perversity on the part of Mr. Gladstone

forty years ago. It was not intended that Ireland should bear the burden then imposed upon her; it was not believed that the burden had been imposed. Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer denied it vehemently. The Financial Relations Commission has now for the first time placed us in possession of the facts and figures. And the "Times" suggests that we should continue to deny them because they are vouched for by a Home Ruler! We can only re-echo its own words with a different application: "These extravagances do more damage to the Unionist cause than all the froth and fury of Parnellites and anti-Parnellites combined."

THE CHARTERED COMPANY INQUIRY.

IN a few weeks Mr. Cecil Rhodes will be in London, and in about a month from now Mr. Chamberlain will move for the re-appointment of the Select Committee of last Session to inquire into the Jameson raid, and the past management and future powers of the British South Africa Company. What is to be the procedure of this Committee? Last Session nothing was done but to invite Mr. Chamberlain to take the chair. Has any one any idea of what the nature of the proceedings will be? Is it to be a sort of State prosecution, or merely an inquiry? Mr. Rhodes has already sent retainers to Mr. Pope, Q.C., the *doyen* of the Parliamentary Bar, and to Mr. Pember, Q.C., of water company fame. Obviously no barristers who are in Parliament could appear before a House of Commons Committee. Sir Frank Lockwood, Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Carson are, therefore, out of the question, though for a great political trial their abilities would probably be more valuable than those of Mr. Pope and Mr. Pember. But what part will counsel play in this matter? In a Private Bill Committee there are the promoters of the Bill and the petitioners against the Bill. Counsel for the promoters open their case and call their witnesses, who are cross-examined by the counsel for the petitioners. After the promoters' case is closed, the petitioners open their case against the Bill, and call their witnesses, who are cross-examined by the promoters' counsel. Promoters and petitioners are plaintiff and defendant: the procedure is known and defined. But in this inquiry into the Jameson raid and the affairs of the Chartered Company, who are the plaintiffs and who are the defendants? In the case of the Parnell Commission, the House of Commons appointed three of Her Majesty's Judges to inquire into the truth of certain definite charges and allegations that had been made against Mr. Parnell and other members of Parliament by the "Times." When the Commission met, the Judges decided to call upon the "Times" to begin by proving its allegations against Mr. Parnell and the other members, who were styled the defendants. The "Times" was thus put into the position of a person who, having libelled another, pleads justification, and is called upon to prove his plea. But it is obvious that the circumstances of the Chartered Company inquiry are quite different. There is here no plaintiff and no defendant. No one has formulated any precise charges against Mr. Rhodes or the Chartered Company. Mr. Labouchere has, indeed, in the columns of "Truth," accused Mr. Rhodes of every crime in the calendar. But the House of Commons has not paid Mr. Labouchere the compliment of ordering a Select Committee to inquire into the truth of the paragraphs in his journal. In the reference to the Committee no names of individuals are mentioned. It is merely an inquiry by the House of Commons into a certain chapter of South African history. What have counsel to do with this? According to ordinary rule, the inquiry would be conducted by the Committee without counsel.

But there was a case in 1888 which is in many respects analogous to this of the Chartered Company. On 3 May, 1888, the House of Commons ordered "that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the formation and promotion of the Hyderabad-Deccan Mining Company, Limited, the circumstances under which the concession held by the Company was obtained from the Government of Hyderabad, and the subsequent

19 December, 1896

operations on the London Stock Exchange by persons interested in the Company." We do not, of course, suggest that there was any similarity between the promotion of the Hyderabad Company and the Chartered Company; but the subject-matter of the inquiry was very analogous. Sir Henry James was Chairman of the Hyderabad Committee, which decided that "any persons or body deeming themselves interested, who wish to appear by counsel, shall make application to the clerk of the Committee." The Nizam of Hyderabad, Mr. W. C. Watson, the concessionnaire, the Sirdar Diler Jung, Mr. Sharp, the Hyderabad Mining Company, and Mr. Stewart, all applied to be heard by counsel. On the meeting of the Committee Sir Henry James read to the assembled parties the following resolution: "The Committee resolved that they purpose retaining the conduct of the inquiry referred to them entirely in their own hands, but will accept the assistance of counsel when they think it necessary. Thus all witnesses, except as hereinafter mentioned, will be called and examined by the members of the Committee. If the evidence of any witness shall affect the interest of any person or body represented by counsel, application may be made to the Committee for leave to cross-examine such witness. If it be desired to call any witness not examined by the Committee, counsel must apply for permission to call such witness, who will be examined as the Committee may think fit. The extent to which counsel may address the Committee will be determined at a later stage of the inquiry." The first witness called was Mr. Levien, Secretary of the Stock Exchange, and he was examined in chief by Mr. Labouchere.

The precedent fits this case so closely that we cannot imagine Mr. Chamberlain not following it. It is indeed difficult to conceive how the proceedings can take any other form. The inquiry is by the House of Commons, whose Committee must retain the conduct of the procedure in its own hands. Of course the Chartered Company and other individuals will apply for leave to be represented by counsel. But the Committee will call and examine the witnesses, leaving counsel for interested parties to cross-examine. If these parties desire to call rebutting evidence, the Committee will allow them to put their own witnesses into the box, and the members of the Committee will be at liberty to cross-examine them. With regard to addressing the Committee for their clients, we presume that Mr. Pope and Mr. Pember will be allowed to perorate to their heart's content. Indeed it would take a stronger Chairman than even Mr. Chamberlain to silence the big guns of the Parliamentary Bar.

So much for the procedure, which is important, and about which there has been much uncertainty. As to the inquiry itself, we have more than once expressed our opinion that it will do more harm than good, and therefore should not be proceeded with. An inquiry, if it is to serve a good purpose, must be into unknown facts. But all the facts connected with the Jameson raid and the Chartered Company are perfectly well known to the most ignorant man or woman in the street. What, then, is the object of the inquiry? Is it to collect material for the prosecution of Mr. Rhodes? The hour is past for that, as the Government must be well aware. If that step was to be taken, it should have been taken six months ago. Mr. Chamberlain should instruct his new Agent at Pretoria to come to an understanding with President Kruger about the indemnity and other matters. Mr. Chamberlain should then tell the House of Commons that the Government did not intend to proceed with the inquiry, in the interests of the Cape Colony and the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain is strong enough to do this. Whether he will do it is another matter.

A SYMBOLIST FARCE.

THE performance of "Ubu Roi : comédie guignolesque," by M. Alfred Jarry, at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, if of little importance in itself, is of considerable importance as a symptom of tendencies now agitating the minds of the younger generation in France. The play is the first Symbolist farce; it has the crudity of a schoolboy or a savage; what is, after all, most

remarkable about it is the insolence with which a young writer mocks at civilization itself, sweeping all art, along with all humanity, into the same inglorious slop-pail. That it should ever have been written is sufficiently surprising; but it has been praised by Catulle Mendès, by Anatole France; the book has gone through several editions, and now the play has been mounted by Lugné-Poe (whose mainly Symbolist Théâtre de l'Œuvre has so significantly taken the place of the mainly Naturalist Théâtre Libre), and it has just been given, in "répétition générale," before a crowded house, howling but dominated, a house buffeted into sheer bewilderment by the wooden lath of a gross, undiscriminating, infantile Philosopher-Pantaloons.

M. Jarry's idea, in this symbolical buffoonery, was to satirize humanity by setting human beings to play the part of marionettes, hiding their faces behind cardboard masks, tuning their voices to the howl and squeak which tradition has considerably assigned to the voices of that wooden world, and mimicking the rigid inflexibility and spasmodic life of puppets by a hopping and reeling gait. The author, who has written an essay, "De l'inutilité du théâtre au théâtre," has explained that a performance of marionettes can only suitably be accompanied by the marionette music of fairs; and, therefore, the motions of these puppet-people were accompanied, from time to time, by an orchestra of piano, cymbals, and drums, played behind the scenes, and reproducing the note of just such a band as one might find on the wooden platform outside a canvas booth in a fair. The action is supposed to take place "in Poland, that is to say, in the land of Nowhere"; and the scenery was painted to represent, by a child's conventions, indoors and out of doors, and even the torrid, temperate, and arctic zones at once. Opposite to you, at the back of the stage, you saw apple-trees in bloom, under a blue sky, and against the sky a small closed window and a fireplace, containing an alchemist's crucible, through the very midst of which (with what refining intention, who knows?) trooped in and out these clamorous and sanguinary persons of the drama. On the left was painted a bed, and at the foot of the bed a bare tree, and snow falling. On the right were palm-trees, about one of which coiled a boa-constrictor; a door opened against the sky, and beside the door a skeleton dangled from a gallows. Changes of scene were announced by the simple Elizabethan method of a placard, roughly scrawled with such stage directions as this: "La scène représente la province de Livonie couverte de neige." A venerable gentleman in evening-dress, Father Time as we see him on Christmas-trees, trotted across the stage on the points of his toes between every scene, and hung the new placard on its nail. And before the curtain rose, in what was after all but a local mockery of a local absurdity, two workmen backed upon the stage carrying a cane-bottomed chair and a little wooden table covered with a sack, and M. Jarry (a small, very young man, with a hard, clever face) seated himself at the table and read his own "conférence" on his own play.

In explaining his intentions, M. Jarry seemed to me rather to be explaining the intentions which he ought to have had, or which he had singularly failed to carry out. To be a sort of comic antithesis to Maeterlinck, as the ancient satiric play was at once a pendant and an antithesis to the tragedy of its time: that, certainly, though he did not say it, might be taken to have been one of the legitimate ambitions of the writer of "Ubu Roi." "C'est l'instauration du Guignol Littéraire," as he affirms, and a generation which has exhausted every intoxicant, every soluble preparation of the artificial, may well seek a last sensation in the wire-pulled passions, the wooden faces of marionettes, and, by a further illusion, of marionettes who are living people; living people pretending to be those wooden images of life which pretend to be living people. There one sees, truly, the excuse, the occasion, for an immense satire, a Swiftian or Rabelaisian parody of the world. But at present M. Jarry has not the intellectual grasp nor the mastery of a new technique needful to carry out so vast a programme. Swift, Rabelais, is above all the satirist with intention, and the satirist who writes. M. Jarry has somehow forgotten his intention

19 December, 1896

before writing, and his writing when he takes pen in hand. "Ubu Roi" is the gesticulation of a young savage of the woods, and is his manner of expressing his disapproval of civilization. Satire which is without distinctions becomes obvious, and M. Jarry's present conception of satire is very much that of the schoolboy to whom a practical joke is the most efficacious form of humour, and bad words scrawled on a slate the most salient kind of wit. These jerking and hopping, these filthy, fighting, swearing "gamins" of wood bring us back, let us admit, and may legitimately bring us back, to what is primitively animal in humanity. Ubu may be indeed "un sac à vices, une outre à vins, une poche à bile, un empereur romain de la décadence, idoine à toutes cascades, pillard, paillard, braillard, un gouphare," as the author describes him; but he is not sufficiently that, he is not invented with sufficient profundity, nor set in motion with a sufficiently comic invention. He does not quite attain to the true dignity of the marionette. He remains a monkey on a stick.

Yet, after all, Ubu has his interest, his value; and that strange experiment of the Rue Blanche its importance as a step in the movement of minds. For it shows us that the artificial, when it has gone the full circle, comes back to the primitive; des Esseintes relapses into the Red Indian. M. Jarry is logical, with that frightful, irresistible logic of the French. In our search for sensation we have exhausted sensation; and now, before a people who have perfected the fine shades to their vanishing point, who have subtilized delicacy of perception into the annihilation of the very senses through which we take in ecstasy, a literary Sansculotte has shrieked for hours that unspeakable word of the gutter which was the refrain, the "Leitmotiv," of this comedy of masks. Just as the seeker after pleasure whom pleasure has exhausted, so the seeker after the material illusions of literary artifice turns finally to that first, subjugated, never quite exterminated, element of cruelty which is one of the links which bind us to the earth. "Ubu Roi" is the brutality out of which we have achieved civilization, and those painted, massacring puppets the destroying elements which are as old as the world, and which we can never chase out of the system of natural things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

WEATHER PREDICTION IN INDIA.

ALTHOUGH within the last week or two a fortunately erratic cyclone, bred in the disappearing monsoon, has brought temporary rainfall and relief to Bombay and the Central Provinces, yet famine stalks through the Upper Provinces and will continue for several months to come. It is due to marked drought both this year and in 1895, and following, as it does, a period of equally marked excess rainfall which culminated in 1893, our attention is drawn to the present results of the Indian weather forecast system.

For some time past the Simla head office of the Indian Meteorological Department has issued, under official sanction, successful forecasts of the S.-W. monsoon and N.-E. monsoon average weather and rainfall for the ensuing six months. These are founded partly on empirical and partly on rational principles; but in time it is expected that empiricism will gradually be eliminated and the methods become almost entirely rational. The new method starts with certain recognized sequences between abnormal snowfalls in the Himalaya and subsequent delays in the arrival of the S.-W. monsoon, and with persistent anomalies in the temperature and pressure-distribution over India, and subsequent corresponding local anomalies in the distribution of S.-W. monsoon storms and rains, first noticed by the late Mr. Blanford. From these and the study of a special series of Indian ocean monsoon charts published daily some months later from data collected chiefly from logs of ships traversing the Indian seas, a rational theory of the summer monsoon, and the winter rains which occur during the prevalence of the so-called N.-E. monsoon (which is in reality simply a reversion to the normal N.-E. trade of the latitude after the disappearance of the S.-W. monsoon), has recently been worked out by Mr. Eliot, the present head of the service. This theory completely

disposes of the old text-book ideas of the cause of the monsoons, and enables reliable forecasts to be made of the local distribution as well as of the general effects of the monsoon current in different parts of the country during its prevalence. The forecasts are based provisionally on the supposition of a monsoon of normal strength, and are only liable to modification in correspondence with its actual character, which is learnt some little time before its arrival, and which is usually maintained with more or less constancy throughout the entire period.

According to this theory, the S.-W. monsoon is simply a prolongation across the Equator of the S.-E. trade wind of the Southern Indian Ocean, and not a mere current of aspiration towards a heated land surface. As a matter of fact the local heating of the Indian land area previous to its arrival has been found to have no connexion with its strength and continuance. Thus in 1893 there was virtually no hot weather, and yet the monsoon was the strongest and wettest ever known. It is true the heated continent of Asia disturbs the normal circulation by creating low-pressure areas in Persia and North India, and by weakening and finally breaking down the N.-E. trade allows the S.-E. trade wind to rush across the usual ascending trough over the Equator, and burst as the monsoon upon the Indian land area; but for all that the propelling force is more a *vis a tergo* arising from the southern high pressure than a *vis a fronte* due to the Indian low pressure.

As soon as the monsoon current reaches the Indian land area it appears to be guided into local channels, and the paths of its accompanying eddies or cyclonic vortices are determined like molten metal filling a mould, by the local pressure inequalities which have prevailed, as most Indian anomalies do, persistently throughout the previous months. It avoids those areas where the high pressure created by the slowly melting snows acts like an opposing cushion, and travels along the path of least resistance towards those areas where the pressure is already below the normal. The chief problem, therefore, in connexion with the prediction of the summer monsoon is the antecedent determination of its strength, for upon this depends the rainfall, and the chance that those parts of the country, such as the Western Punjab, Rajputana, and the Western Deccan, which ordinarily come under its bounding fringes, and are thus liable to drought, should receive an adequate rainfall. Up to the present the information of its strength, or rather that of its parent, the S.-E. trade, has been mainly derived from the Seychelles by mail, and from the logs of vessels reaching Bombay and other ports. Henceforth this will be materially augmented by the cable recently sanctioned by the Government to the Seychelles. Moreover it has been found that an unsuspected principle controls the yearly variations both of the summer monsoon and of the winter rains which fall in Upper India, through the shallow land trade or N.-E. monsoon from a lofty S.-W. current, descending at that season below the general summit level of the Himalaya.

This discovery is the occurrence of a system of long-period waves of pressure which, as differences from the monthly normals, run through their amplitude in about twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months. Twelve such waves occurred during the past twenty years, and a fairly definite rule has been established between their phases at different times of the year and the rainfall of the succeeding season whether winter or summer. Thus when the long-pressure wave is rising to a maximum in the spring, the succeeding summer monsoon will be dry, and *vice versa*. On the other hand, if it is rising in November, the winter rainfall will be excessive, and conversely, the rule reversing with the season. These pressure movements are evidently connected with advances and checks in the general circulation over Southern Asia, and will eventually receive their full rational explanation.

Meanwhile, in connexion with the local observations, they enable seasonal forecasts to be made of the greatest economical value to our Indian Empire, and there is little doubt that, by an extension and modification of the same methods, long-period forecasts could be made

19 December, 1896

The Saturday Review.

647

of the prevalent character of the weather in these islands and on the continent of Europe.

Though our daily ripples bear a larger ratio to the long-period waves than they do in the tropics, it is quite certain that we experience periods of a persistent type of weather which are controlled by these long waves, whose prevision could be effected by their rational study.

DOUGLAS ARCHIBALD.

LORD LEIGHTON'S DRAWINGS.

IT must surely be possible to define Lord Leighton's talent more exactly than his friends and foes seem willing to do. The only writer who, so far as I have observed, has attempted to say anything positive on the subject, unfortunately lost a hearing for himself by indulging in certain gibes on the subject of the President's person and taste in furniture at a moment when even a man's public deeds are better left to the eulogy of friends. He has received from Lord Leighton's successor the castigation to be expected, and the castigation will be apt to pass as a refutation of his estimate. It must be remembered, in discussing the difficult question of the liberties of criticism, that the friends of the artist raised the question of his architectural taste into a public one by inviting a public subscription to buy his house; now that the proposal is to present it to the nation, we are perhaps spared the necessity of discussing the value of the gift. But the drawings and studies of the late President are now exhibited to public judgment, to be followed shortly by his paintings, and those who cannot rid themselves of a critical conscience will turn away unimpressed alike by the vague claim set up by the admiration of Mrs. Russell Barrington and Mr. Richmond, or the sweeping verdicts on the other side. Curt dismissal leaves the evident talent unconsidered, but to accept the ambition of the performance as the measure of its value, and straightway proclaim Leighton a master of all time, is to throw discrimination to the winds. We must not dub men masters so easily, or we shall show how little we really admire the greatest. Our own age and country, be it remembered, has produced an Alfred Stevens.

It would not be unfair to say that few people really like Leighton's work, few give it the first place or the second place in their affections; nor does it attract the enthusiasm of the few and repel the many as a master's work commonly does. It does evoke a good deal of esteem, but this esteem is not strongest with those artists of our time who have the best right to a judgment, and is found to vary inversely with knowledge and appreciation of the art, numbering its warmest adherents in those social and literary regions where painting is an occasional and secondary distraction. Very much as painters might applaud Leighton's literary style, charged as it was with the rhetorical devices that please the ear unused to literary discrimination, so the literary man, who would promptly class Leighton as a writer with Dr. Farrar, would take Leighton's painting on trust because its scope and manner seem to him that of the accepted masters, of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian. These masters themselves do not differ very appreciably to such an eye.

We are agreed that Leighton in his drawing, as in his speaking, aimed at an exalted rhetorical level. We may even admit that in the general design and rhythm of his drawing he attained to a remarkable imitation of the great manner. But we must make a distinction. In great poets there are occasional passages, or even long periods, when the poetry leaves off, but the rhetoric goes on. Milton, for example, must employ a style, forged at white heat to express the loftiest emotion, to cover description and to express ideas that are in themselves trivial and unworthy of so exalted a manner. We forgive this in Milton, for the sake of the majesty that equals the theme when it mounts, or for the proud or relenting line that suddenly rewards us in the midst of tedious rhetoric. We cannot so easily forgive Tennyson when, enamoured of the exalted rhetoric of "Paradise Lost," he attempts to describe a picnic with its pies in like cadences. So with the art of painting. We forgive immense spaces of mere rhetoric in Raphael or in Tintoretto because we find here and there an emotion equal to the style. After a

hundred whirling or posturing figures heaven opens its thunders, or paradise its enchantment, and our spirit is content to cover the intervening spaces as a soldier must march under arms over dull ground between the battles.

Now, no one for whom such distinctions exist at all is likely to pretend that in Leighton we have the conception and emotion that the lofty style demands. Indeed, from first to last it is difficult in his work to trace a strong feeling of any kind, and just because of his ambitious flight we shall never know whether at various less exalted levels he might have developed a congenial art, or whether his temperament was wanting at every level. One or two doors seem to stand open as he passes. Very like Macleish in his sensational endowment and in the result of his later ambitions, he might, on the evidence of certain drawings here, have possibly won Macleish's success in pencil portraits, but was probably wanting in the needful touch of malice. More possibly he might have cultivated with success the sensuous vein of the "Summer Moon," but his eclectic ambition warned him that to do this was not to be a Michael Angelo. He went his way, attempting dramatic, tragic, exalted subjects with results that could only be null or ludicrous. It availed little in this connexion to change the *mise-en-scène* from German to Italian, Italian to Greek. This approach to the material of lofty poetry from the outside only emphasized the refusal of models, of conception, of emotion to transmute themselves. What might have been frank sugar was made to look more like marble, and an inevitable vulgarity taints the result.

We must be content, then, to find very few moments of poetry in Leighton, and to appraise his work on the rhetorical level. Rhetorical is hardly the word; it should be retained for the art of speech which is not poetical, but has its own function, persuasive or admonitory. Formal is the better word. There is a class of artists who are devoid of the poetical passions, and yet have a kind of passion for form itself. They have a keen eye to follow its inflexions, a logical mind to resume its expression, and they love to develop this instinct on matter furnished by the poets of their art. We are accustomed to this change of interest in other arts than those of literature and painting. The castle battlement is retained as a decorative fret of spaces and shadows long after its defensive reason for existence has disappeared. But the greater the potential value for emotion of a subject the more dangerous is it to play the formal game. Even music that is purely formal, a ballet that is purely formal, raise dissatisfaction, and a human figure borrowed from a poetical context and treated formally gives us a deadly chill.

Leighton must have been to some extent aware of this. He treats from time to time those subjects which were strictly the only permissible subjects for him—namely, gymnastic or acrobatic subjects. The logical subject for his art was the *pose plastique*, and in the "Slinger," the "Woman Juggler," the "Girls Playing at Ball," he is at work on the right material, without disguise. "A Sister's Kiss" is typical of what happens otherwise. This is not a kiss, but a semi-gymnastic performance, a pose. Imagine by contrast Rossetti's treatment of such a subject! But in this sphere of the design or invention of pose Leighton appears as a very considerable artist. So early as study No. 3—a Madonna with two children—if it is his own, he evinced a remarkable gift of design for the knotting up of forms, for turning within a given space, as a clever versifier will turn within a line. The actions of the two figures playing at ball and Leighton's essays in sculpture are other examples of this talent for the graceful disposition of forms. Sculpture, indeed, would appear to be the right expression for his talent.

As it is, the critical task will be to place him among those draughtsmen who have employed themselves on variations of classical poses. It is in the company of artists like Ingres that he will come up for judgment. What is his place likely to be on the evidence of the drawings here? They fall practically into two sections: the early sharp pencil drawings and the later studies for pose and draperies in crayon. Those early drawings prove his possession of fine nervous and muscular endowment. The clear outline is

inflected with exquisite nicety, and yet retains a graceful flow. In the statement of the exact boundaries of still-life forms there is a precision such as is expected from a good facsimile engraver. If we examine the intellectual quality of this drawing we find less to admire. Drawing of an advanced kind requires actual invention of line to express inner and outer forms, and his drawing remains an equable outline, with a little shading for the inner forms. Of this system Leighton's drawing to the end retains the trace. An arm is an outline, with a vaguely realized piece of flesh enclosed. Only, as his ideas of style grew, this outline lost the somewhat mechanical intimacy of the early work, without gaining the higher intimacy, and became a looser statement. Probably there exist studies from the nude preparatory to the drapery studies, and it would be interesting to see them; but the exhibition suggests a gap between the choice of a pose and the arrangement of draperies, the very region in which the draughtsman must prove himself. These draperies are as good an example as we need have of the formal bent of Leighton's mind, and its absorption in the ornaments rather than the essentials of style. The rhetoric of our day has shown a weakness for the device of alliteration. It is a device of all literature, but it is used with restraint and subtlety by the best. With Leighton this means of emphasis was a maid of all work in writing, and something of the same rhetorical weakness is displayed by the analogous use of repeated lines in his draperies. The alliteration in the drawing is much subtler than in the discourses, is often indeed very graceful; but it is in the nature of an embellishment, and one that takes the place of the drawing of the figure. Leighton appears, from the preface to the catalogue, to have misunderstood the phrase "Liberty draperies," which applied to their colours. This point, and the relation of these studies to painting, must be left over till the exhibition of pictures opens. The exhibition of drawings confirms the view of him as an accomplished man whose graceful sense of design was inspired by no strong feeling, but was at the mercy of eclectic, "catholic," that is incompatible, tastes. D. S. M.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

GENTLE reader, you and I are experts in criticism: on a first hearing of a fresh musical achievement, however novel or elaborate the structure, however unfamiliar and remote the idea that informs it, we can accurately estimate its artistic value, name the influences that have helped to shape it, and declare conclusively whether the composer will or will not accomplish anything of distinction or greatness in the years to come. All this, I say, we can do—and not we only, but every critic and amateur of the present day. Nevertheless, who has not sometimes speculated, with a curious hotness breaking out all over him, on his possible, not to say probable, verdict had he been present at the first performance of "Der Freischütz" or "The Dutchman" or (think of it!) the Ninth symphony? For my part, when I remember some of the criticisms that have appeared in these columns during the past two years, when I think of this inaccuracy of judgment here, that fatal impatience there, and here again this total failure of insight, I am glad not to have lived or at any rate not to have been a critic during the great musical epoch of the nineteenth century—the epoch that began with the Heroic symphony and ended with "Parsifal." Heavens! should I, after agreeing with my predecessors who contemptuously dismissed Beethoven's earlier work as a mere imitation of Mozart, have gibed at the Heroic because it was not an imitation of Mozart; should I have scoffed at Weber because he imitated no one and then scorned young Wagner as a mere imitator of Weber; should I—could I possibly—have laughed at "Lohengrin," mocked at "The Nibelung's Ring," and passed pleasantries of the Joseph Bennett type upon "Parsifal"? These things do not bear thinking of. A skull on one's desk is not to the point as a reminder nowadays. What every musical critic should never be without, if he desires to be just or at least safe, is a choice selection of the fooliest criticisms of Weber, Schumann, Wagner,

J. W. Davidson and Mr. Joseph Bennett. These gems, revealing limitations in the highest and lowest alike, should be conned and meditated daily, and especially before one passes judgment on any new or would-be new works of art—for instance, on the compositions produced at Mr. Granville Bantock's orchestral concert at Queen's Hall last Tuesday night. These wild and whirling introductory words may now perhaps be perceived to have a certain relevance.

Six young men, Messrs. Granville Bantock, Stanley Hawley, Arthur Hinton, Erskine Allon, Reginald Steggall and William Wallace, believe there is something rotten in the state of Denmark. English music, they assert, cannot obtain a hearing in England "owing to the prevailing taste for foreign music." Yet, they reflected, "when the National Picture Galleries of Europe and America compete with one another for paintings by British artists, there is no reason why the concert rooms of this country should be empty when native music is performed"; so they determined in their youthful enthusiasm and sapience to give a concert of their own works to show us what we ought to listen to. Now I am not in the least disposed to scoff at these fervent souls. To despise them as scatter-brained ambitious young fools is to show oneself as foolish as contemptible. To say they are mere imitators of Wagner without Wagner's genius is only to repeat what has been said about every composer since there were musical critics sufficiently asinine to say it. Most fatuous of all is it to offer patronizing encouragement and tell these young composers to persevere to the end that they may walk in the footsteps of Drs. Parry, Stanford and Mackenzie. Let the position be perfectly clear. So long as young British composers are of no account and have no following they may be treated by our Academics with friendship tempered by suspicion; but depend upon it, so soon as the Academic pre-eminence is in the slightest degree threatened all thought and pretence of friendship will be put away and the young men will have to fight for their positions and possibly for their very means of livelihood. "There is no damned friendship in business" said the benign organizer of the great American Oil Trust; and in England music is business. I am, then, anxious to be just to Mr. Bantock and his comrade revolutionists; nay, I would fain be more than merely just: I would show my sympathy with them, partly because I believe that in England any musical movement is better than none at all, partly because I know that all the big art movements have begun with the mad doings of two or three enthusiasts, and chiefly because I have learnt that the critic who wishes to survive for ten years as a living force must take care to be in the front rank always. But candour compels me to ask, Is it true that British music cannot get a hearing in England, and if so is it "owing to the prevailing taste for foreign music"? Is the music of this knot of Young Englanders a stepping-stone, as Mr. William Wallace rather mixedly avers, "for the god who is to follow" and was it produced in a way likely to recommend it to the tiny audience that assembled to hear it? To answer the last question first, much too large a hall was taken for the audience the most sanguine could expect to be allure by such a programme. Had the small Queen's Hall been engaged the proceedings would have been less dreary, and moreover a smaller band would have sufficed, and the money thus saved might advantageously have been spent on a few more rehearsals. Then, in my poor opinion it was a grave error for each composer to conduct his own piece. It is one thing to create works of art and another to interpret them, whether by means of piano or organ, voice or orchestra. Schubert is admittedly a fair song-writer; but could he return and sing his songs to us in St. James's Hall we might easily fancy we were at a Ballad Concert. If I read my criticisms as lectures to the excellent gentlemen who are now exasperated by them weekly my mode of delivery might enable me to take (promptly) to my grave the secret of whether the criticisms were my own or lifted from the "Observer." Mr. Bantock seemed to me a weak conductor and Mr. William Wallace rather a worse one; and the best of them, Mr. Arthur Hinton, knows little of the technique of the baton and apparently has had small opportunity of practising the

little he knows. Now there is no better plan of getting the worst out of an orchestra than that of setting them to play under several successive conductors in one evening; for even if the conductors are good the players never get thoroughly into touch with any of them, never so much as get thoroughly accustomed to the beat. And when the conductors are not good the results are—well, say, what they were on Tuesday night, deplorable. The part of Mr. Bantock's "Eugene Aram" overture which I heard was scrambled in a most depressing fashion; it was perfectly impossible to hear Mrs. Ella Russell in Mr. Wallace's *scena*; the scrambling in Mr. Hinton's fantasia "The Triumph of Cesar" was even wilder than in Mr. Bantock's work; and as for the recitation "The Legend Beautiful," Mr. Hawley's music was so loudly played as to do itself gross injustice besides preventing one hearing Miss Lena Ashwell for more than one word in ten. In any case, Mr. Hawley was rather unwise to come before the public with a composition of that sort. The spoken word and music rarely go well together; the effect is so astonishingly harsh as to be serviceable only for occasional poignant moments in opera; and a quarter of an hour of it is rather more than mortal ears of any sensitiveness can tolerate. Besides, it is difficult for the elocutionist not to make himself or herself ridiculous. To dwell on prepositions and to throw infinite pathos into conjunctions while the band catches you up is positively to incite an audience to laughter; and the elocutionist often has no other course. I lately heard an elderly gentleman—but of this anon. For the present I only desire to point out that the programme was unsatisfactory in some respects, and altogether unsatisfactorily rendered. Young England should hire the small Hall next time, and instead of conducting for itself, place its compositions in Mr. Henry Wood's hands, telling him to do the best he can. We may then stand a fair chance of learning what their music is meant to sound like.

My criticism of the music itself must be received with the greatest caution, both because I heard it under conditions so unfavourable and because my impressions of it may be preposterous anyhow (*vide* first paragraph). That all of it is steeped in Wagner is rather a good than a bad thing. Mozart came before the public steeped in Haydn, Emanuel Bach and pedantry generally; Beethoven was at first steeped in Mozart; and Wagner, right up to the "Lohengrin" time, was steeped in Weber. That is to say, all the big composers have begun by using the language and images of their predecessors, and they showed their latent bigness by using the language and images for the utterance of a fresh matter. At present composers are so terrified of being called Wagner imitators that they actually dare scarcely use the only language in which it is possible for them to speak fluently. The consequence is they only take so much of Wagner as they cannot help taking and use it with trembling to say nothing. No new thing will be done in music until some genius comes along and boldly uses Wagner's most characteristic phrases—yea, even the *Sword* and *Siegfried* motives—just as Wagner used Weber's most characteristic phrases, modifying them so as to express the new thing. I do not listen to the works of Messrs. Bantock & Co. for the feeble Wagner element which pervades all music just now, but for a quite new use to which the Wagner element may possibly be put; and that new use, I regret to say, I do not find. In all of these young men I find a good deal of cleverness and facility, Mr. Granville Bantock, in particular, being fluent and ingenious to a remarkable degree; in all of them I find some of the innocent pedantry of youth and a fervent desire to do again what has already been done incomparably; but in none of them is there any sign of a desire to say something entirely new. There is no faintest indication of any of the composers having been touched by the wave of modern thought as Morris, Ibsen and Hardy have been touched; for all their music shows, for all that is shown by the subjects of their music, they may never have heard of Morris, of Tolstoi or of Ibsen. "Eugene Aram," "The Curse of Kehama," "The Divine Surrender"—these are not the proper matters for a Young England movement: they are mere repeti-

tions and variants of the subjects of the Romantic movement of seventy years ago. It is true English music cannot get a hearing in England, and the reason is "the prevailing taste for foreign music"; and the explanation of the prevailing taste is offered by the music of Mr. Bantock and his friends. Nearly all English music up to the present has been a repetition of what has been said, and said splendidly, by foreign composers; and listening to mere repetitions and echoes is dull work. This criticism is not intended in the way of unkindness. Messrs. the Young English party are of course young; and at least two of them possess ability of a kind that inclines me to look out sharp during the next couple of years to see what they make of themselves. If they chuck away the old melodramatic stories and legends which have lost their meaning, and fill themselves with the new spirit of the twentieth century, they may possibly do original and beautiful work that will stand; but if they go on in the old brainless way, merely parroting in answer to Weber, Schubert and Wagner, they will end in being respected, the worst fate that can befall a composer in England.

I regret the lack of space that prevents me dealing with a really excellent performance of Verdi's "Falstaff" given by the students of the Royal College at the Lyceum on 11 December. Of course the opera is silly in an amiable sort of way, containing as it does all the weaknesses of the Wagner method and all the faults of the old Italian method, and even without its weaknesses to battle against the young people had a sufficiently heavy task set when they were told to be humorous—otherwise than unconsciously—upon the stage. But they went through with it quite triumphantly, the only weak point being the band. Why will not Professor Stanford take my advice and give up conducting? I know it is a crime to say he cannot conduct; I know it is as inconsistent to think he cannot play the orchestra and yet admire his "Shamus O'Brien" as to admire "Atalanta in Calydon" and deny that Mr. Swinburne is a great tight-rope dancer; but the truth will out, and I must say that Professor Stanford's numb and inexpressive way of handling the stick hinders the Royal College pupils from showing how well (in some cases) they have been trained.

J. F. R.

MR. BANCROFT'S PILGRIMAGE.

MR. BANCROFT has emerged from his retirement to start on an errand of mercy through this England of ours. To cool the fevered brow, to moisten the parched lip, to wile away the long sleepless nights of sick children with fairy gifts, to stimulate the demand for chromolithographs of the devoted nurse in her snowy bands, with spoon and bowl and angel eyes: this is the high mission on which Seth Bancroft has gone forth from his comfortable fireside, his method being to read Dickens's "Christmas Carol" in public and give the proceeds to the hospitals.

I have not seen a single notice of Mr. Bancroft's enterprise that has not breathed sympathy, admiration, approval, from beginning to end. Now I don't sympathize; I don't admire; I don't approve. Mr. Bancroft is an actor. An opportunity for exercising his art, a sympathetic character to appear in, a wide advertisement, and an outpouring of gratitude and popularity must needs be so highly agreeable to him, that it is quite useless to try to persuade me that they represent any sacrifice on his part. He will not be called on to provide any money for the hospitals: the public will provide that and pay his expenses into the bargain. In refraining from any attempt to make money for himself out of his recreation, Mr. Bancroft is only following the ordinary custom of English sportsmen of independent means. As long as Mr. Bancroft needed to make money by his public appearances, he did make it. Therefore, I have no hesitation in regarding the pilgrimage, apart from its object, as an act of pure self-indulgence on Mr. Bancroft's part. Please understand that Mr. Bancroft has not, as far as I am aware, put forward any pretension to the contrary, and that he may rightly regard it as one of the special privileges of his art that it enables him to combine beneficence to others with great enjoyment to himself.

But the public does not take the matter in this way ; and the critics all speak as if Mr. Bancroft had unquestionably placed his country under an obligation. My point is that unless Mr. Bancroft can justify, as publicly serviceable, his administration and expenditure of the funds, the obligation is all the other way.

Let me then proceed to look the gift horse carefully in the mouth. Is the reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" likely to have any educational effect on public taste ? Clearly none whatever. Half a century ago the "Carol" had a huge success as an exploitation of pre-existent popular sentiment of the vulgar Christmas kind ; and its revival to-day has no more classical pretension than the forthcoming revival of "Black-Eyed Susan" at the Adelphi. Dickens was a man of genius ; but that fact is perfectly well known, except perhaps in literary circles, where it is difficult to make a merit of not being able to write like Dickens without disparaging him somewhat. Besides, it is not exactly on the "Christmas Carol" that Dickens's reputation rests. Let us then put the possibility of the pilgrimage being educational and edificational out of the question, and come to the real point—the application of the proceeds.

Now I am loth to shatter Mr. Bancroft's kindly illusions ; and yet I must tell him bluntly that he would do less harm with the money by spending it at Monte Carlo than in arbitrarily (and most ungratefully) enriching the ratepayers of the towns he visits at the expense of the people who pay for tickets to hear him read. For that, and nothing else, is just precisely what he is doing. Hospitals are not public luxuries, but public necessities : when the private contributor buttons up his pocket—as he invariably now does if he understands what he is about—the result is not that the sick poor are left to perish in their slums, but that a hospital rate is struck, and the hospitals happily rescued from the abuses of practically irresponsible private management (which the rich writers of conscience-money cheques never dream of attempting to control), with income uncertain ; authority scrambled for by committee, doctors, chiefs of the nursing staff, and permanent officials ; and the angel-eyed nurses, coarsely and carelessly fed, sweated and overworked beyond all endurance except by women to whom the opportunity of pursuing a universally respected occupation with a considerable chance of finally marrying a doctor is worth seizing at any cost. For this the overthrow of the begging, cadging, advertising, voluntary-contribution system means the substitution of the certain income, the vigilant audit, the expert official management, the standard wages and hours of work, the sensitiveness to public opinion, including that of the class to which the patients belong, the subjection to the fierce criticism of party newspapers keen for scandals to be used as local electioneering capital, all of which have been called into action by the immense development in local government under the Acts of the last ten years. Of course, as long as ignorant philanthropists, and people anxious to buy positions as public benefactors, maintain private hospitals by private subscription, the ratepayers and the local authorities will be only too glad to shirk their burdens and duties, just as they would if they could induce Mr. Bancroft to light and pave the streets for them ; but when the philanthropists learn that the only practical effect of their misplaced bounty on the poor is that the patient gets less accommodation and consideration, and the nurse less pay and no security in return for longer hours of labour, they will begin to understand how all the old objections to pauperizing individuals apply with tenfold force to pauperizing the public. In short, Mr. Bancroft is meddling, with the best intentions, in a matter which he has not studied, with the result that every one of his readings may be regarded as so much mischief done to everybody but himself and those who have the pleasure of hearing him read.

This is the more aggravating because, had Mr. Bancroft directed his attention to matters that he understands, he would have seen in his own art unlimited openings for his benevolence. As a musical critic I protested with all my might against the handing over, at the provincial festivals, of the money earned by Music from lovers of music to relieve the rates in the name of "charity." The one consoling feature

about that scandal was that the cheque with which the operatic prima donna headed the subscription list was always handed to her for the purpose along with her salary. I protest now against the same spoliation of Art in the case of the Drama. Why should Mr. Bancroft hand over the proceeds of his reading to the town hospital, which will be the worse for it, when he might just as well hand it over to the town theatre, which might be made the better for it ? Mr. Bancroft will say "How? On what conditions?" I reply that the conditions are not my business. I am not on the philanthropic platform just at present, and therefore cannot be called on to sit down and gratuitously put in the hard work of thinking out a scheme. But Mr. Bancroft has mounted that platform. Very well: let him do something to prove his good faith. I have shown that reading the "Carol" to enthusiastic audiences, and dropping the money, addressed to some hospital treasurer or other, into the nearest pillar-box, is no more philanthropic work than cricket, yachting, or bicycling. But if Mr. Bancroft would sit down and think out the problem of what a man could do for the drama in any given place if he had a fifty-pound note to spend on it, then I should admit that he was doing a public service. Even if he were merely to invite proposals and take the trouble of reading them through, he might get and spread some light on the subject. Suppose, for instance, a clergyman wrote up from some village and said, "If you will guarantee my expenses to such and such an amount, I will take the school children and the Christmas mummers in hand, and produce a Bible play with the local artizans and labourers in the principal parts, as they do in the Bavarian Alps." Or suppose some country Pioneer Club wanted to promote a first-rate performance of "A Doll's House," but could not induce the local manager to venture upon it without a subsidy. Suppose the Independent Theatre offered to get up a verbatim performance of "Peer Gynt," lasting two nights, on condition of being so far assisted that the exploit could ruin nobody but itself ; or that Miss Robins were to undertake an Echegaray cycle on the same conditions. What about that Wagner Theatre on Richmond Hill? What about an Academy or "Royal College" of the Drama, with scholarships, and a library scantily furnished with memoirs and reminiscences, and liberally furnished with technical works, including theatrical construction and stage mechanism ? Why not offer Macmillans a subsidy towards a Dictionary of the Drama, uniform with Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," or set on foot an inquiry, like that which supplied the material for Mr. Charles Booth's "Labour and Life of the People" into the labour and life of the actor, dealing also with salaries, agreements, sharing arrangements, backing, syndicating, papering, and bribing critics. The appendix, contributed by retired managers, might consist of balance-sheets and detailed accounts of their most famous productions, especially the "successes" by which they lost most money ? A missionary fund for affirming the social importance of the drama, and claiming for municipal theatres as high a place in the collectivist program as municipal gas, water, and tramways, would be quite worth considering. Even a fund for persuading actors not to make foolish second-hand remarks about Ibsen in public would be better than nothing. Surely if all these resources occur to me on the spur of the moment, an actor and manager of Mr. Bancroft's ability and experience, with unlimited leisure, could find something to do for his profession with the money which he is now using to keep down the character of our hospitals and—if he will take my word for the political economy of the business—to save our landlords from the final incidence of the hospitals rate.

There is also an artistic objection to this pseudo-charitable business. The curse of our stage at present is the shameless prostitution of the art of acting into the art of pleasing. The actor wants "sympathy" : the actress wants affection. They make the theatre a place where the public comes to look at its pets and distribute lumps of sugar to them. Even the critics are debauched : there is no mistaking our disconcerted, pettish note whenever a really great artist—Duse, for example—whilst interpreting a drama for us with

exquisite intelligence, and playing it with a skill almost inconceivable when measured by our English standards, absolutely declines to flatter us with any sort of solicitation for a more personal regard. Our reluctant, humiliated, rebuffed admissions of the success of actresses who pursue their profession with complete integrity contrast so shockingly with the officious, smirkingly enthusiastic congratulations we shower on those charming women who throw themselves, as such, on the personal admiration, indulgence and good fellowship of the public, that the more an actress respects herself and loves her profession, the more she hates the existing relations between the stage and the public. Occasionally an actress's heart is so happily constituted that she can spoil the public as she would spoil a nursery of children, and yet work hard at her art; but the average actress, when the author demands anything "unsympathetic" from her, refuses to act on exactly the same grounds as she might refuse to let her lover see her in curl papers. And the actors are worse than the actresses. Why is it that, with the exception of "An Enemy of the People," and (partly) "The Master Builder," no play of Ibsen's has been performed on the initiative of an actor since Mr. Vernon's experiment years ago with "Pillars of Society"? Simply because Dr. Stockman and Solness are the only Ibsen heroes who can depend on a little vulgar "sympathy." Allmers, Helmer, Hjalmar Ekdal, and even Rosmer may be very interesting, very lifelike; but they are not "sympathetic": they are even ridiculous occasionally: at best they are not readily comprehensible by the average actor fancier—for that is what the word player-goer has come to mean nowadays. A player who is still dependent on his profession for his daily bread may plead that "those who live to please must please to live," though I shall take leave to consider any actor who takes that position as being not only the rogue he confesses himself to be, but a fool into the bargain. But an actor in Mr. Bancroft's circumstances, retired and independent, what on earth need has he any longer for a sympathetic part? Of what use is a halo of ready-made Hospital Sunday sentiment to him? Why not attempt to create some new sentiment—if it were only to knock into the heads of his benighted profession the elementary truth that it is the business of the dramatic artist, as of other public men and women, to strive incessantly with the public; to insist on earnest relations with it, and not merely voluptuous ones; to lead it, nerve it, withstand its constant tendency to relapse into carelessness and vulgar familiarity; in short, to attain to public esteem, authority and needfulness to the national welfare (things undreamt of in the relations between the theatrical profession and the public to-day), instead of to the camp-follower's refuge of mere popularity?

I have hardly left myself room to commemorate the latest exploit of the Elizabethan Stage Society—its performance of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" in a City Company's hall in Threadneedle Street. It seems to me that Mr. Poel has now abandoned himself wholly to his fancy in dresses and equipments and stage business. I am no expert in these matters; but if Valentine's Turkish costume was not as purely an eighteenth-century convention as the big drum and cymbals in Mozart's "Serail," I am prepared to eat it. The fantastic outlaws, with their plumes and drum, belonged to the same period. The other costumes were mostly Elizabethan; but, except in the case of the Duke, they were surely bourgeois rather than noble. I am bound to say that the number of lines neither intelligently nor intelligibly delivered was greater than at any previous performance of the Society. This was only partly the fault of the hall, which made a magnificent setting for the performance, but also presented acoustic difficulties which only very practised speakers could have overcome. Valentine and Proteus were the most successful of the company, Proteus playing with plenty of address, and Valentine showing some promise of talent as an actor. The ladies were not emphatic or distinct enough to make any effect. The gentleman who played Launce did not know the difference between a Shakespearian clown and a Zany: he acted worse than his dog—quite the wrong sort of dog, by the way, but very amusing.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

A DECREASE of £616,000 in the Bank Reserve has led to a slight hardening of money rates. But it is to be noted that of this amount only £323,000 was taken in gold for export. The tendency certainly is to stronger discount, but equally certainly there is no sign of what could actually be called dear money.

Of late the Home Railway Market has been rather disorganized owing to the fear of the labour troubles coming to an acute stage and to the effect of dearer money, with the apprehension of its becoming still dearer. These considerations have diverted attention from the question of dividend prospects which, as a rule, govern the Home Railway Market at this season of the year. The labour trouble of the moment has been surmounted; there is nothing in the existing conditions to point to abnormally high money rates; and our view of the probabilities is that when the dividend time comes round there will be a marked revival of activity in this department. The traffic estimates recorded week by week continue to be as satisfactory as anybody could reasonably expect, and the increases cannot fail to be reflected in the half-yearly dividend announcements.

One feature of the week in Home Rails has been the ridiculous fuss made about a purely formal rearrangement of the tripartite agreement between the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Companies on the one hand, and Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son on the other. The rumour got about that all the Continental business of the famous tourist agency was going to be transferred to the South-Eastern. As has already been explained by our daily contemporaries, the only foundation for this *canard* is the fact that from the beginning of next year Messrs. Cook are to get from the South-Eastern Company a commission which a contract of many years' standing has hitherto debarred them from receiving. There is no harm done to anybody; but the rumour served as a convenient lever to depress London, Chatham, & Dover Ordinary. But, after all, what is that stock except a gambling counter? Its prospects of ever receiving a dividend are so remote as to be incalculable, and it is only little outbursts of excitement such as this that give it a market value, small as that value is at the best.

South Africa and Westralia are not going to be allowed to absorb the attention of speculators, if we may judge from the way in which Indian Mines have come to the front during the week. The two shares which have attracted most attention are Champion Reefs and Mysores, both of which have suddenly risen £1. In the case of the Champion Reef the explanation is obviously to be found in the scheme for the duplication of capital dealt with by the Chairman at the meeting on Thursday. There had been, he said, "a very strong feeling amongst the shareholders that their property had never attained the position in the market, had never approached the value which they thought its merits and prospects warranted. This feeling had been growing rather lately, and it had been recently brought before them by some of their oldest and largest shareholders." Accordingly, it appears to be practically a settled matter that the shares shall be duplicated—that is to say, that for each existing share of £1 there shall be given two of a like denomination.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether splitting would not have been preferable to duplication for the purpose of attaining what was described by the Chairman as necessary—"a larger number of shares, a freer market in shares." The suggestion of watering the capital is regrettable, but it can hardly be pressed far when we remember that the same principle has had legislative sanction in the case of a considerable number of British railway companies. We have good authority for attributing the rise in Mysores to an intention on the part of the directors of that Company to follow the example of the Champion Reef.

How thoroughly irrational is the present attitude of the public towards the Kaffir Market may be judged by

the fact that the Rand is now, and has been for the last five months, producing more gold than during the boom of 1895. In July 1895 the output of the Rand district was 199,453 ounces; in July 1896 it was 203,873 ounces. In August 1895, the very height of the boom, it was 203,573 ounces; last August it was 213,418 ounces, or 10,000 ounces more. In September 1895 it was 194,764 ounces; in September 1896 it was 202,561 ounces. In October 1895 the production was 192,652 ounces, and last October it was 199,889 ounces. The yield for last month was 201,143 ounces, as compared with 195,218 ounces in November 1895. It will thus be seen that last month's production of gold was only 2,430 ounces less than that of August 1895, when managers were picking the eyes out of their mines, and prices were the highest ever known.

The total output for the twelve months of 1895 was 2,277,635 ounces, and the aggregate for the eleven months of 1896 is 2,075,357 ounces. If, therefore, the production for this month is maintained at the same rate as that of last month, we shall have this astonishing result, that the output of gold in 1896 will be within a couple of thousand ounces the same as the output of 1895. Considering Dr. Jameson's New Year's gift, the fact that last January the gold output fell off by no less than 30,000 ounces as compared with the previous January, and that during February, March and April the gold industry languished woefully, the year's production of gold strikes us as wonderful. There never was an instance of an industry recovering so quickly from a terrible shock. But, though the industry has revived, the market has not; and will not do so, in the opinion of some, until a new generation shall arise who know not Jameson. This seems to put the intelligence of the public rather too low. For though there may be a difference of opinion about deep levels, and though development and prospecting companies have suffered and will suffer from the difficulties of transport, the prices of gold-producing dividend-paying outcrop mines are simply absurd.

The best instance is, perhaps, that of Crown Reef, of which the shares now stand below 10. The capital is £120,000, on which dividends have been paid up to March last amounting to £365,900, to which must be added £317,248, the amount at which the machinery is valued, and £46,912 paid for claims, making £730,000, from which must be deducted £182,000 for cash supplied, leaving a net profit on mining of £548,000, or just over four and a half times the capital. As 852,000 tons were crushed up to last March, the net mining profit per ton was 13s. The outcrop claims unworked are 37, and the remaining tonnage is estimated at 1,700,000, which at 13s. would yield a profit of £1,105,000. According to the working of the last three months, however, the present profit is 19s. a ton, on which basis the profit would amount to £1,615,000. It must be remembered that there are now no patent rights on the cyanide process, a saving which, together with the profits on slimes, now made into bricks, should bring the net mining profits to over £1 a ton. This calculation deals only with the outcrop claims. The Company owns besides 51½ deep-level claims, and 45 Bewaarplaatsen not yet converted into claims. Did we use too strong a word when we described as "absurd" the attitude of the market towards undertakings like these?

There is still a great deal to be learned regarding the East Rand question which has been so prominently before the market during the week. The telegram published by a daily contemporary simply gave particulars of the hostile criticism on the proposals of the Board. The report of the proceedings, supposed to be verbatim, but in reality obviously not so as regards the discussion that followed the chairman's speech, which was subsequently sent over through Reuter, gives the other side. But neither version can be regarded as fair or complete. Collating the two, we arrive at what is probably a tolerably fair version of the facts of the case. There is very little difference, in point of fact, between the constitution of the directorate of the East Rand Company and the H. F. Syndicate. The

latter is a sort of foster-mother for the East Rand Company; and the dispute arises from differences of opinion as to whether the relations are based on principles fair to the East Rand proprietors. In the meantime the market has been fairly well supported. On the publication of "The Financial Times" telegram the shares fell away to 3½. That was on Tuesday. On the following day, after some erratic fluctuations, they closed at 3½. On Thursday they went as high as 3¾, but closed at 3½. We shall await with interest the arrival of the mail, which will bring a full account of the meeting.

In the Westralian Mining Market there has been very little business doing; but there has been evident the very significant and hopeful fact that the buying has, to a great extent, come from Australia. The colonists know what they are doing in business matters, and therefore it is particularly interesting to see in what direction their fancy lightly turns at any given moment. Their latest favourites appear to be North Boulder, Ivanhoe, and Boulder Perseverance. It does not follow that these are the pick of the market, but they are the shares which for the time are the selections of the colonial buyers, who are for the present the mainstay of a market which otherwise would be absolutely stagnant. That colonial demand may possibly extend. Its significance now lies in the suggestion that those who are on the spot regard the recent decline as excessive, and see their way to picking up bargains.

Of course, the great Westralian event of the week has been the allotment by the Northern Territories Goldfields of Australia. It is difficult to define, although possibly not difficult to guess, the principle on which this allotment was made. *Prima facie* it was most erratic. So far as we can gather, it involved a distinct consideration for market circumstances. A number of applicants from amongst the general public, who applied for more shares than they expected to get, have been rather disconcerted by the receipt of allotments in full. On the other hand, what we may call the professional applicant has been disgusted by getting only a fraction of what he really wanted in order to sell at a profit. We cannot quite make up our minds as to whether such tactics are defensible, so long as there is no law or any stipulation in a prospectus that the allotments shall be *pro rata*.

In any case, the public is at the mercy of the promoters. If an applicant really wants 100 shares in any new company, how is he to regulate the extent of his application? Supposing his judgment as to the merits of the company to be correct, the probability is that if he applies for the 100 shares he may get 25, or possibly a letter of regret. If he gets the 100 in full, he draws the inference that the issue has not been a success. If, desiring 100 shares, and not being conveniently able to pay for more, he applies for 400 on the chance of getting 25 per cent. of the number applied for, it is, of course, his own fault if his request is complied with. Nevertheless, he has a legitimate grievance if some people get less than they wanted, while he gets more. It is perfectly justifiable to aim at defeating the object of those people who apply for shares in order to cover sales previously made; and no doubt such an object is at the back of erratic allotments like that of the Northern Territories Company. Still, it is unquestionably a hardship for the general investor. Before allotment, Northern Territories shares, issued at £3, were quoted £4. Naturally, nobody could, under such circumstances, expect an allotment in full. But many got it, with the result that the quotation fell at one time—after the allotment—to 2½, or ½ below the issue price. It rallied to 2½ immediately afterwards, and the closing price on Thursday was nearly 3.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH'S PROMOTIONS.

We read in the "Financial News" of Tuesday: "The final batch of letters of allotment in the 'Evening News, Limited,' has been posted." We are not surprised.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is a popular favourite. Harmsworth Brothers, Limited, with a capital of £1,000,000 was a good start, but compared to the "Evening News, Limited," with a capital of £250,000 and a purchase price of £240,000, it sinks into insignificance. We know something about the history of the "Evening News." We remember when, with a circulation of 70,000 a day, it was sold for 2,700 £1 shares in a new company formed to provide the necessary funds for carrying it on. Yet, with a circulation of 140,000 a day—just about double—Mr. Harmsworth fixes a purchase price of £240,000, of which £115,000 is payable in cash, and for providing which the unlucky investor gets only 5 per cent. Newspaper properties, without steady profits for many years, are among the most risky of investments. The most serious question for the investor to consider is "What would be the value of the Preference shares in 'Harmsworth Brothers, Limited,' and the 'Evening News, Limited,' if Mr. Alfred Harmsworth were to die next week?" It is universally admitted that the success of the publications which he controls is due to his great personal ability. He is wise in capitalizing his brains so rapidly. Half a million in hard cash from the public in about two months is fair progress—even for Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.

KIERNAN'S PALACE OF VARIETIES, LIMITED.

This Company has been formed with a share capital of £90,000 in £1 shares and £40,000 five per cent. first mortgage Debenture stock to acquire four Variety theatres in Liverpool. The prospectus states that the theatres have been under the management of Mr. James Kiernan, are in densely populated parts of the city, and in every way suitably adapted. The properties are valued at £69,650 and the purchase price is £125,000. We cannot, however, recommend our readers to take shares in this Company. The certificate as to the net profits is most unsatisfactory. For various periods the books at each of the theatres show profits at the rate of £10,297 17s. 9d. per annum, and these profits have been arrived at before providing for any depreciation. We should imagine that the depreciation written off annually for theatre property is very heavy, and we are surprised that Messrs. Holt & Sons, chartered accountants, of Liverpool, should have allowed such a certificate to go forth over their signature.

MOULTON'S SOAP WORKS, LIMITED—CAPITAL, £50,000.

The subscription of the capital of this Company had best be left to the vendors, the directors and their friends. The average profit is stated to be £3,827, yet the capital is £50,000. After the directors and secretary have drawn their fees, there will be little left for a dividend for the shareholders.

THORNHILL, CLUNIE & CO., LIMITED.

This Company has been formed with a capital of £150,000, divided into 15,000 six per cent. cumulative Preference shares of £5 each, and 75,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, to acquire various concerns carrying on business principally as refreshment contractors and confectioners. The net profits are set out for three years separately—which is a satisfactory feature of the prospectus—and a valuation is given of the various properties amounting to £103,000. For the Preference issue there seems fairly safe security. The Ordinary shares we should leave to the vendors and their friends.

In the prospectus of Thornhill, Clunie & Company, the most remarkable feature to our mind is the accountants' certificate. It says that they have examined the books and accounts of the seventeen businesses "and one bakery" to be acquired, and the whole of the eighteen undertakings lumped together show increasing profits for the past three years. So far that seems satisfactory, but the context suggests some rather curious questions. In the case of five of the businesses the accounts are only available for varying periods—one for two years and nine months, two for two years and six months, one for one year and nine months, and one for one year. What does this mean? Is it that the businesses have only been

quite recently started; or that their proprietors did not until recently keep books of account which would enable auditors to ascertain their profits. Some of the premises are described as occupying an exceptionally good position in the heart of the city of London, and as being "almost unique." That phrase strikes us as a fairly apt description of the prospectus itself.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

DUBIOUS.—If your letter of withdrawal was received by the Company before the letter of allotment was posted, you can withdraw, but not otherwise.

H. W. E.—1. Better hold for a short time, at all events.
2. We have no recent information.

A. L. (Ipswich).—We should not sell Uruguays. Price's Patent Candle shares are a good commercial investment. The two other commercial enterprises you mention are too speculative.

B. A. (Oxford).—Unless you can prove that the whole thing is a fraud, you must pay your calls. The Company was registered in July 1895 to carry on every description of exploration business.

INVESTOR.—1. As a lock-up, not a speculation. 2. We will inquire and reply later on. 3. We have not seen a quotation.

4. Hold. Simply a decline in general sympathy with market.

MOTOR.—Under a new rule of the Stock Exchange, you are entitled to instruct your own broker to apply for a special settlement on your behalf.

COMING DIVIDEND.—1. We do not recommend the shares.
2. You must regard it as a speculation. No chance of sale until after Christmas holidays.

QUI VIVE.—An announcement should be made in January. No interim dividend has been notified.

X. (Dorset).—A fair second-class holding; but there are all sorts of cross-financing going on, and we cannot form a definite opinion as to what are likely to be the market fluctuations in the near future.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. We do not recommend it. 2. The whole market is stagnant and depressed at the moment.

A. A.—Have nothing to do with it.

FAIRFAX.—There is not a free market; and if you sell we fear you will have to do so at a loss. But, having applied for the shares, you are not entitled to demand the return of your money.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH COMMERCE AND AMERICAN POLITICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

GILFORD, IRELAND, 16 November, 1896.

SIR,—In the article on "English Commerce and American Politics" in your issue of last week, extreme astonishment is expressed at the conclusion arrived at in a leader in the "Daily Chronicle" regarding the very serious effect which a thoroughly Free-trade policy in the United States of America would probably have on the commercial future of this country.

In half a continent endowed with such great mineral as well as food-supplying resources, in the greater part of which keen, continuous concentration to work is less exhausting than in the humid climate of the British Isles, were the cost of living, and thereafter the rate of wages, reduced to a Free-trade basis, it is almost certain that the American manufacturers of many kinds of goods—*e.g.* cotton, machinery, steel and iron tools and fittings—would rob the British of a very considerable part of their present trade.

From personal investigation, I estimate that the average skilled artisan in the United States of America produces daily 20 per cent. more than his British cousin, and with less fatigue.

The average American manufacturer and his staff are quite as intelligent and, on the whole, more alert than the British; and as the staple articles of food are cheaper in the United States of America than in Great Britain, once the crisis is over in passing from High Protectionist to Free-trade rate of wages, I feel confident that many kinds of goods and wares would be produced in America at lower prices than British manufacturers could profitably compete against.—Yours faithfully,

A BRITISH AND AMERICAN MANUFACTURER.

Our correspondent's position is puzzling. His argument appears to be this: America shuts out our goods, and thereby lets them in: if she allowed their free entry she would shut them out.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

REVIEWS.

IBSEN'S NEW PLAY.

"John Gabriel Borkman." Skuespil i fire akter. Af Henrik Ibsen. København : Gyldendelske Boghandel. 1896.

WITH the regularity with which a star in some huge orrery returns to its appointed place, in the third week of December in each alternate year Ibsen publishes a play. Friends and enemies agree that this cometary event is one of the most interesting which the two years have to offer in literature. Each time that the great Norwegian reappears there is the fear that he may have gone to pieces in the interim. Can that energy, which has supported him so long, continue, one asks, to inspire him as he approaches his seventieth year? It certainly does; "John Gabriel Borkman" is every whit as powerful a piece of composition as any one of its predecessors. It does not display, at least till its fourth act, the airy fancy of "The Master-BUILDER" or the austere poetry of "Little Eyolf"; its relations are with an earlier section of Ibsen's work, that which began with "The Pillars of Society" and seemed to close with "Hedda Gabler." With the former play, indeed, "John Gabriel Borkman" has a close analogy. It is a far more coherent and concentrated example of dramatic construction, and aims at a higher psychology; it is coloured by that symbolism which has become part of the bones and marrow of Ibsen. But for purposes of contrast and parallelism alike, the reader will find it agreeable to compare the new satire with "The Pillars of Society" and also with Björnson's curious *bourgeois* drama, "En Fallit" (A Bankruptcy).

As we take it, "John Gabriel Borkman" is a tragedy of the imaginative spirit concentrated on commercial speculation. Borkman is a man who has risen by his industrial schemes to a very high social position, from which he has fallen into a penal servitude of five years, and a retirement in absolute, humiliating isolation for already eight years more. As befits a Norwegian speculator, the dream of Borkman was to exploit the physical resources of his country, and above all to bring to light its mineral wealth. He sees a Garden of the Hesperides in the bowels of the earth, if so strong an image be permissible, a garden which is longing to drop its golden fruit into the hands of man. The archaic Greek poet Pherecrates wrote a lost comedy of the "Miners," in which mad men went down to release the spirit of gold in the heart of the world. We know not whether Ibsen ever heard of this Attic comedy, but his conception of Borkman has recalled it to us. All the slumbering spirits of gold, the shrieking millions that cry to be released, these he hears in his dreams, and he longs to free them—by their means to hold the power their mintage would give him. On the character of Borkman, the gigantic swindler, foiled, humiliated, but not wholly cast down, and on the passage of his brain through brooding disappointment to potent insanity, Ibsen has expended his highest efforts.

But this is merely the background to a vivid and almost entertaining drama. When Borkman was condemned, the half-sister of Mrs. Borkman, Ella Rentheim, whose fortune Borkman was found to have left untouched, took the one child, the boy Erhart, to live with her. When the convict left prison, penniless, Miss Rentheim lent to the family a large house of hers outside Christiania. Here, for eight years, husband and wife have contrived never to meet. He inhabits the first floor; she and her son, whom she has taken away from Miss Rentheim, occupy the rooms on the ground floor. Erhart is now twenty-three, and is the object of Mrs. Borkman's most jealous solicitude; Miss Rentheim has never once made up her mind to visit the sinister family of her sister. Borkman's only visitor is Vilhelm Foldal, a copying clerk and poetaster, a figure at once farcical and pathetic, who clings to the man whom he used to worship, although robbed by him of all his savings. Through the whole of the first act, which is played in Mrs. Borkman's drawing-room,

the old financier is heard pacing up and down upon the echoing boards above. Mrs. Borkman says:—

"It sometimes seems more than I can endure—always to hear him up there, walking, walking. From the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night. And one hears every step so plainly! I have often felt as if I had a sick wolf up there, prowling up and down in a cage. Right over my head, too! Listen! there he goes. Up and down, up and down, the wolf is prowling."

During the first act, however, though we are so ingeniously made conscious of the presence and of the disposition of the unseen Borkman, the interest is centered in the duel between the mother and the foster-mother for the love of Erhart. Each in turn has nurtured and guarded him; each fears no other danger for him than the poison of the other's presence; each has an ideal to which she desires him to rise. Mrs. Borkman sees in him the young man who will devote himself to business, will expiate in kind the sins of his father, and will recover for the family name the honour and prestige that it has lost. Ella Rentheim, whom Borkman has loved, and whom he sacrificed long ago to his financial ambition, desires another species of expiation. She thinks that her foster-son, by an infinitude of tender care, may pay back to her the affection of which his father treacherously robbed her. But the young man, so long cloistered and sheltered, will know life at last, and the appeals of his mother for obedience, and those of his foster-mother for affection, nay, even those of his awakening father for support and sympathy in rehabilitating labour, come too late. Erhart is decoyed by life in rosier and more laughing forms than these, and he departs through the snow, bound for southern lands and softer loves. No one is more skilful than Ibsen in these details, and the stage-effect by which these three old figures are left alone, gazing at one another in despair, while Erhart's silver sleigh-bells are heard, more and more distant, fading away through the winter night, should be singularly poignant and effective on the boards.

There is less in "John Gabriel Borkman" than in most of Ibsen's later works to distract the public and give his disciples mysterious airs. But one of the dramatist's old favourite themes returns here with unusual prominence. That Borkman brought vast ruin on the community and destroyed the comfort of thousands is in some measure condoned. With that, at all events, the law of his country has stringently and finally dealt, and in curious ingenuity the man himself is made the plausible defender of his own schemes. He has sailed in a war-balloon over the ranks of the enemy, and if he did not conquer, and therefore has brought calamity on his own people, he meant to conquer, and to raise them all to affluence. This is the habitual excuse of the fraudulent speculator, and Ibsen is doubtless authorized in forcing this aspect of the case upon us. But Ibsen has never seemed to care much for the sorrows of communities; he is an individualist of the purest water, and what brings about the final and spiritual chastisement of Borkman is his sin to the individual Ella. She loved him utterly and he loved her; yet, in order to gain financial power, in order to secure (as he supposed) the victory of his schemes, he abandoned her to a rival. This is the unpardonable fault, this is the "sin against the Holy Ghost," for which there can be no atonement made. And so, at last, when the metallic hand, the frosty, brazen fingers of Death, close upon Borkman's heart, in the thrilling final night-scene among the pine-trees and the snow-drifts, it is his peculiar punishment that Ella Rentheim, the grey and dying shadow of the joy which might have been his, confounds his expiring senses by her cruel compassion. It is not his fraudulent offences against society, it is not his ambition and his recklessness, which are the extreme ruin of Borkman; it is the coldness of his heart, his preference for the vague spectres of the hidden gold over the warm and beating bosoms of mankind.

It is announced that Mr. Archer has made arrangements for issuing a translation of this fine dramatic poem. We hope that it will not be long before we have an opportunity of seeing his version acted on the boards

19 December, 1896

The Saturday Review.

655

of a London theatre. Most of Ibsen's plays remain in part obscure to the reader until they are illuminated by the footlights; no dramatic pieces are less intended for the study. Nor do we expect to appreciate the full force and strangeness of "John Gabriel Borkman" until this opportunity is given us, although we are bound to say that it appears to us to be one of the least "difficult" plays he has ever written. The evolution of the characters and their correlation are remarkably simple and inevitable. There are no passages—so it seems to us, at least, upon a first reading—which can be construed into having been introduced for the purpose of exciting controversy by their paradoxical effect. The little secondary figure of Frida Foldal, the infantile musical genius, is, it is true, somewhat redundant; her disappearance, with Erhart and Mrs. Wilton, is explained by a single sentence which Ibsenite purism might do well, we think, to evade, since it can only be cynically interpreted. But with the exception of this solitary phrase there is not a line or an idea which the most silly person can pretend to misunderstand. "John Gabriel Borkman" ought to present no difficulty whatever to the mildest curate or even to Mr. Clement Scott.

ANOTHER VIEW OF "MAGGIE."

"Maggie: a Child of the Streets." By Stephen Crane. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

THE literature of the slum multiplies apace; and just as the mud of the Port of London has proved amenable to Mr. Whistler, so the mud of the New York estuary has furnished material for artistic treatment to Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane, in "Maggie," shows himself the New York equivalent of Mr. Morrison, with perhaps a finer sense of form and beauty and a slenderer physique. He is the light weight of the two. He is far more alert for what the industrious playwright calls the effective "line," and every chapter cocks its tail with a point to it. He sketches, for instance, the career of Maggie's brother James, and tells of his lusts and brutality. "Nevertheless," ends the chapter, "he had on a certain starlit evening said wonderingly and quite reverently, 'Dah moon looks like h—I, don't it?'" And with that the chapter, rather self-consciously, pauses for your admiration. Of Mr. Morrison's "Dick Perrott" it is not recorded that he ever saw the beauty of moonlight or the stars. But one may doubt, even after the chromatic tumult of the "Red Badge of Courage," whether Mr. Crane is anywhere equal to Mr. Morrison's fight between Perrott and Leary. To read that and to turn to Mr. Crane's fight between Maggie's brother and her seducer is to turn from power to hysterics. The former is too strong and quiet to quote—it must be read; but of the latter:

"The arms of the combatants whirled in the air like flails. The faces of the men, at first flushed to flame-coloured anger, now began to fade to the pallor of warriors in the blood and heat of a battle. Their lips curled back, stretched tightly over the gums in ghoul-like grins. Through their white, gripped teeth struggled hoarse whisperings of oaths. Their eyes glittered with murderous fire. . . . Blows left crimson blots upon the pale skin. . . . The rage of fear shone in all their eyes, and their blood-coloured fists whirled. . . . The pyramids of shimmering glasses, that had never been disturbed, changed to cascades as heavy bottles were flung into them. Mirrors splintered to nothing. The three frothing creatures on the floor buried themselves in a frenzy for blood. . . . The quiet stranger had sprawled very pyrotechnically out on the sidewalk."

Which is very fine, no doubt, but much more suggestive of a palette dipped in vodka than of two men fighting. Yet, on the other hand, the emotional power of that concluding chapter of "Maggie" seems a little out of Mr. Morrison's reach—the old woman, drink sodden and obese, stricken with the news of her daughter's death and recalling her one vivid moment of maternal pride.

"Jimmy, boy, go get yer sister! Go get yer sister an' we'll put dah boots on her feet!"

The relative merits of the "Red Badge of Courage"

and "Maggie" are open to question. To the present reviewer it seems that in "Maggie" we come nearer to Mr. Crane's individuality. Perhaps where we might expect strength we get merely stress, but one may doubt whether we have not been hasty in assuming Mr. Crane to be a strong man in fiction. Strength and gaudy colour rarely go together; tragic and sombre are well nigh inseparable. One gets an impression from the "Red Badge" that at the end Mr. Crane could scarcely have had a gasp left in him—that he must have been mentally hoarse for weeks after it. But here he works chiefly for pretty effects, for gleams of sunlight on the stagnant puddles he paints. He gets them, a little consciously perhaps, but, to the present reviewer's sense, far more effectively than he gets anger and fear. And he has done his work, one feels, to please himself. His book is a work of art, even if it is not a very great or successful work of art—it ranks above the novel of commerce, if only on that account.

H. G. W.

ENGLISH CHURCHES AND VANDALISM.

"Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales." Edited by Professor T. G. Bonney. London: Cassell & Co. 1896.

THE long prevalent mania for destroying the evidences of antiquity on our English churches has nearly spent itself. The cessation of its baleful action is, however, not due to any change of mind on the part of those who practised the most reprehensible "restorations," but to a lack of material. The north transept of Westminster Abbey was long the sole survivor of ancient architecture of cathedral rank. This, too, has disappeared, and the work of Wyatt, Cottingham, Scott, and Street has been completed worthily. In the long list of the Vandals which have obliterated for us the history of Salisbury, Durham, Rochester, Bristol, the greatest, the most destructive, was reserved to the last. The north transept of Westminster Abbey had acquired in nearly two centuries the right of being looked at respectfully. We do not know, or know but vaguely, what went before it. We do know the objects and reasons of the eighteenth-century designer. Finally, and this gave the transept its chief interest, the designer was Sir Christopher Wren. He made the building to suit the site. He suppressed detail where detail could not produce its due effect, and he spent all thought and care in proportion. The north transept was to be seen against a southern sky; and so successful was the result that some people could hardly believe that the grand mass, in its inevitable shadow, was not greater by far than the building behind. It was, moreover, dated, so that there could be no doubt as to its age; and some stained glass, also dated, and specially designed for it, showed that the movement of the past half-century has taught us nothing in the art of window-painting. There are no more cathedrals left to destroy. Mr. Pearson, Sir Arthur Blomfield, Lord Grimthorpe and the local practitioners would lose their trade, but that in a few places, such as Canterbury, Peterborough, and Rochester, re-restorations are contemplated. Meanwhile, here and there a parish church may still be attacked. The great animosity against any relic of Shakespeare and his times which has raged since Macklin whitewashed the Stratford bust has now left little to destroy, and a new list has lately been issued of the names of subscribers for the ruin of that little. Bemerton, sacred to another poet, survived as he left it till the other day. But if the name of Shakespeare could not save Stratford, it was not to be expected that any memory of George Herbert could save Bemerton. The only thing approaching a fault which we have to find with Professor Bonney's excellent gathering of church descriptions is that here and there he speaks a little uncertainly on this subject. There are very few unrestored churches; and we were glad lately to see a local guide call attention to one in the North as worthy of a visit because still unfalsified. In his preface, Professor Bonney is, however, very outspoken, and we may hope that other writers will soon come to understand that such places as

Rugby and Hucknall and Burnham Thorpe may really have commemorated Moultrie or Byron or Nelson, but do so no longer when they are altered and newly furnished, and gutted of all the respective heroes can ever have seen in them.

In parish churches even more than in cathedrals restoration has too often meant destruction. Professor Bonney asserts plainly—and with little fear of contradiction—that “architects with little knowledge, and parish priests without discretion, have worked their will upon our churches—replacing the old work by modern imitations—and have often deprived them of much of their individuality, and almost all their historical interest.” Bad as the architectural treatment of such buildings has been, it is nothing to the fate of the monuments. “It is hardly possible,” says Professor Bonney, “to speak too severely of the reckless manner in which the sepulchral memorials erected during the latter part of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century have commonly been treated.” He goes on to observe that these memorials “formed part of the history of the parish, and so of the nation. They indicated the resting places of the men who had taken their share, humble though it might sometimes be, in the making of England. Now crammed into belfry chambers or other hiding places, separated from the actual graves of those whom they commemorate, they have lost more than half their interest.” Some day, perhaps, a history will be written of the Great Gothic Revival and the Ruin of the Churches. The mere thought of the destruction wrought in old parish churches where there was no one to withstand a self-sufficient rector, backed up by an ignorant architect, is distracting. Professor Bonney does not mention modern Gothic churches except in the preface. There he has not much that is good to say of them. “They are in no sense a genuine product of the era. They are copies of the work of a dead past, not the natural outgrowth of the requirements and the feeling of a living present.” It is disheartening to see the miserable red brick shanties with narrow, pointed windows and deal fittings, without proportion or finish, which abound now in the suburbs of London. You are told, if you inquire, that each one has been built by the ruin of one of Wren’s City churches, and that the endowment has been stolen—with leave of Parliament and the Bishop—from some ancient parish. “In many cases,” says Professor Bonney, “they show that the architect cannot rightly frame the shibboleth which he has attempted to learn.” It would be a long task to go systematically through the numerous articles by different writers which help to make up these portly volumes. The cathedrals, of course, come first. On p. 45 an excellent account of St. Paul’s follows Mr. Longman and Mr. Ferrey as to the spire of the old church. But there certainly were four pinnacles at the corners of the spire as demonstrated from mediæval manuscripts by Mr. Sparrow Simpson. Mr. Bonney is too easy on Lord Grimthorpe and the unspeakable vandalisms he has perpetrated at St. Alban’s; though he does remark “it is melancholy to see what mischief zeal without discretion has wrought.” For “zeal” we should be inclined to write “conceit.” In the second volume Mr. Harold Lewis supplies an interesting account of Fairford and its famous windows. It is a trite remark that nothing dies so hard as a lie. It is now a good many years since an enthusiast, devoid of knowledge, claimed Albert Dürer as the designer of the stained glass in the church. Mr. Lewis says, much too mildly, “The theory cannot be sustained.” If he had said it is a pure fiction, and has not been supported by a single argument, and that, further, it tends to obscure a correct view of the style, the workmanship, and the date, he would not have said too much. The absence of the well-known metallic folds of Dürer’s draperies would be enough to disprove such a silly notion; while the known dates of all Dürer’s authentic works make it absurd. He did not begin to design before he was born. A much more interesting question is as to whether the windows are English or Flemish. Mr. Carboneill, the present rector, whose little Handbook is by far the most trustworthy, comes to the conclusion, on apparently good grounds, “that the glass was designed and painted for the church.” Mr. Joyce went further, and supposed that the glass was made in

England, but by both German and Flemish workmen. But there is no reason to bring in German workmen, unless you are wedded to the absurd Dürer theory, as Joyce certainly was not. We have noticed Fairford at some length, both because of the great interest of the subject, and also because it affords an example of what may be gathered from this delightful book. Some of the illustrations are extremely good.

VERSE.

“Songs and Odes.” By R. W. Dixon. London: Elkin Mathews. 1896.

ALTHOUGH known to a certain circle of readers as a distinguished and true poet, the author of the “History of the Church of England” has not yet found a wide public for his verse. His long narrative poem on a mediæval subject, “Mano,” was hardly of a kind to rush into celebrity, despite Mr. Swinburne’s praise. It has fine passages, and is interesting by its management of the difficult *terza rima*, but the story does not carry one on. The present shilling book of lyrics, which have only, we believe, appeared in privately printed volumes hitherto, shows the author at his best, and should do something towards procuring him his due rank among living poets. The poems are short and there are not many of them, but they are sufficient to reveal the originality of thought and feeling, the loftiness of attitude, and the fine observation which mark Canon Dixon’s work. The beautiful song placed first in this selection is an excellent introduction :—

“ The feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream ;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

“ The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow ;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet’s song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.”

Seldom has the expression of a mood through the depicting of a scene been done with more melody and charm than in these haunting verses. It is in such sensitive art, with firm power behind all its delicacy, that Canon Dixon excels. Some of his poems do not strike at the first blush: unsympathetic criticism will find them lacking in matter: but they bear many readings. Perhaps the finest thing in this little volume is the “Ode on Advancing Age”:—

“ Thou goest more and more
To the silent things . . . ”

This opening indicates the imaginative idea of the poem; and in a picture of the sea-shore, with its wild inarticulate voices, the idea is enforced and developed. “Tis their silence!

And thou, oh thou
To that wild silence sinkest now.

No more remains to thee than the cry of silence,
the cry

Of the waves, of the shore, of the bird to the sky.
. . . Earth in earth thou art being interred.”

Even this maimed fragment may give some hint of the quality of this ode, which, each time that we have read it, has appeared to us more touching and profound. Nothing else in the book reaches quite this height, though the ode beginning

“ Hast thou no right to joy ” is a noble piece. The strange little poem called “Terror” will be unintelligible to many, but we confess to finding a peculiar fascination in it. Like most of these songs, it is a fragment of sheer poetry, without rhetoric and without even any attempt at the expression of explicit and reasoned thought. But this is by no means the same as lack of matter. We are so used to poetry which relies to a great extent on rhetorical ideas that a poet who relies on ideas which are purely poetical seems to many to fail in his effects. If Canon Dixon’s poems seem at times too intangible of substance, it is not from poverty of vein, but the fastidious choice of an artist.

LAMPETER THEOLOGY.

"The Thirty-nine Articles." By Rev. E. Tyrrell Green. London : Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1896.

THE gospel of Mr. Green at Lampeter is a feeble and pacific one. He starts with the laudable intention of collecting odds and ends from the sixteenth century to bear upon the history of the documents, and thus to illustrate what the framers at any rate meant by them. So far as he does this, his book is praiseworthy. It may not matter in the least, theologically speaking, or it may be of vital importance, to know what Peter Martyr or Cranmer exactly meant, but it is at least historically interesting and possibly suggestive. Mr. Green has patched together the findings of other people in handy compass and added to them. Unfortunately he could not rest content with mere historical work, but remembering that his business in life is to lecture to Lampetrian Welshmen, who seek their bread and toasted cheese in the priestly offices, he would fain elucidate the theology of the Articles, fallaciously regarding them as a kind of extended Credo, fit for the "Sylloge Confessionum," or as an English equivalent for Tridentine decrees. Instead of this, the Articles are only rightly treated when they are regarded as protests against the exaggerations of ultramontane or ultra-anything-else people. They contain as little expansion of the creeds as was possible under the circumstances, and those who regard them as an exposition of a positive faith will discover, as they think, a foolish and unsatisfactory see-saw about them, as there would always be in any regulative machinery which was mistaken for a propulsive engine. The laborious Mr. Green has wholly missed this point, and, so far from finding anything unpleasant in the see-saw, he regards it with complacency, just the very thing for a man who likes clearness with fluidity, fixed opinions with variability, and, in a word, a seat upon two stools. For instance, the *doctrina Romanensium* (the Romish and not Roman doctrine) about invoking saints was admittedly an exaggerated one, and the XXII. Article condemns it, and Mr. Green condemns the abuses also ; but he admits that "it is not to be denied" that the saints pray for us : and yet in the same breath would censure all who invoke them, because of the serious evils which seem to result from the custom. So, too, in Article VI., which in the face of modern criticism is important. The object of the Article is not "to enunciate the great principle which underlay the Reformation, the sufficiency of Holy Scripture." It is to use the Bible as a protection against unauthorized anathemas, as a test for excluding any peremptory orders to swallow or be damned. It is an article of freedom, not of positive Reformation principles, and if any positive statement is implied in it at all, it is that the authority of the Bible is due to the affirmation and applications of the Church. The fact of the matter is that to understand the Articles one must be not only a historian but a theologian and a lawyer, whereas to lecture at Lampeter one need not be more than any one of these things.

A HISTORY OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

"A History of the Coldstream Guards." By Lieut.-Colonel John Ross, of Bladensburg, C.B. London : A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

THIS book is invaluable alike to the soldier, the civilian and the politician. Whilst to the first it will serve as a faithful and eloquent record of the wars in which Great Britain has been engaged since she dealt a final and fatal blow to the pretensions of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, to the civilian and the politician it will be an accurate handbook of the foreign policy which has guided the Imperial councils since, in 1815, England stood the admitted arbiter of the nations of Europe. Into the details of the long war which terminated in 1815 Colonel Ross does not enter. He dates his story from the morrow of Waterloo, shows very clearly the responsibilities and the duties which that victory imposed upon Great Britain, and then proceeds to recount how this country fulfilled

the task which had thus devolved upon her. The first point that will strike the reader, as he turns over page after page, is the absolute impartiality of the record. The occupation of conquered France by the army which had contributed more than any other Power to her defeat was calculated to give rise to feelings of intense bitterness on the part of a people whose own army had made the tour of Europe, and who attributed their overthrow less to the superior merit of the conquerors than to the disloyalty and treachery of some of their own generals. Colonel Ross narrates many instances in which opportunity was not wanting to the gallant soldiers who chafed at their overthrow to make matters extremely difficult for the occupying army; and he gives proof upon proof how tact alone, the tact of the common soldier as well as the tact of the Duke of Wellington, combined to produce a good feeling even amongst those who were eating their hearts out with bitterness. In the history of the great wars of the world there is not a single chapter which does greater honour to an army occupying a conquered country than does this chapter to the British army of 1815. It was the calmness of that army and its leader which checked German brutality and thwarted Continental insolence ; which, finally, won the hearts of the conquered nation to a degree which was reawakened only in 1856 when the representatives of the two races stood side by side in the chivalry which marked the bloody slopes of the Alma and the heights of Inkerman. The story of the occupation is told with a master's hand. Then follows the narration of the manner in which the peace of the world, consummated in 1815, was broken by the revolution of 1848, bringing once again a Napoleon to the throne of France. The war which followed, and in which the victors and conquerors of Waterloo stood side by side in serried ranks, is told by Colonel Ross as it has never been told before. Never, till he wrote this history, has the world had a conception of the ineptitude of the politicians who governed England, or of the soldiers to whose care her armies were committed. It is the story of a succession of blunders, each greater than its predecessor. Never, may we add, has the conduct and character of the British soldier stood out so magnificently. One has heard of an army of lions led by asses, and assuredly the fate provided for an army so composed would have overwhelmed the British army which fought in the Crimea but for the fact that, whilst in mental vigour the enemy's generals were not superior to our own, their rank and file could in no single particular compete with the men who wielded British bayonets. It is impossible to overpraise the courage of Colonel Ross in narrating the details of this war. The unfolded truth cannot but act as a lesson to men in high authority, both soldiers and politicians. Much, it is true, has been accomplished, the author points out, in the way of reform, since the Crimean war ; but there yet remain many evils to be remedied. To these Colonel Ross refers in his brilliant account of the Egyptian campaigns, with which he concludes his work. For every one, be he who he may, there is something to learn. If this splendid history have no other effect, it will enforce upon those in authority the necessity of profiting by the lesson it teaches.

MR. VANDAM'S LATEST BOOK.

"Undercurrents of the Second Empire." By Albert D. Vandam. London : Heinemann. 1897.

MR. VANDAM'S new volume is thoroughly enjoyable reading. It is not certainly the kind of book which can be read at one sitting, which forces you to finish it when it has once been opened. But at any time you may dip into it anywhere and find something amusing, if not instructive. We do not profess to take the book seriously ; it is a volume of anecdotes and smart sayings, not a history for the use of students and specialists. Mr. Vandam, indeed, "cannot too often remind the reader that" he lays "no claim to the title of historian or that of biographer." Those who have read "The Englishman in Paris" (and who has not ?) will find in the present work the same genial qualities : a certain verve and exuberance of vitality which excite one's sympathy even as a healthy mind

or a healthy physical personality. Mr. Vandam is evidently a born lover of anecdotes, the delight in them breathes from every page; and as De Musset, questioned by Scribe as to the secret of his literary charm, replied "I write to please myself and not the public," so Mr. Vandam by his absorption in his work has made what he writes interesting and amusing to us.

Indeed he interests us so much that we do not even stop to ask ourselves "Can this be true? Is his authority impeccable for that?" Surely there is no better test of good work than that. The story is so well handled that the importance of truth is minimized by the skill of the artist. After all, in anecdotes and sayings, as in all forms of art, undeviating veracity is impossible; selection is everything; and the question for the critic to decide is whether the anecdote is well told and whether it is in keeping with the character. Every one knows that that master-biographer Boswell edited his anecdotes about Dr. Johnson in accord with what seemed to him the laws of his art, and the result was one of the finest biographies ever written. In the same way history according to Shakspeare is on an infinitely higher plane than history according to, say, Hallam or Dr. Stubbs, and Froude's inaccuracies of detail and large conceptions than Freeman's futile pedantries.

We will not spoil Mr. Vandam's book for the reader by extracting more than one or two of the many good things with which it is crowded. Here is an anecdote which may be taken as characteristic of the author. "You have nothing of your uncle about you," said ex-King Jérôme one day, huffed at his nephew's refusal of his constant demands for money. "Yes, I have," was the Prince-President's answer; "I have my uncle's family!" Or take this: "Fleury was a *viveur*, so was Louis Napoleon. . . . Fleury was a constant visitor to the green-room of the Comédie Française and other theatres. Louis Napoleon, while an exile in London, was frequently seen at the wings, especially when there was a pretty actress in the cast. 'It appears, Commandant, that you go behind the scenes,' said the President shortly after his accession. . . . 'You must have some one to represent you worthily, Monseigneur,' was Fleury's ready answer." By the way, for the curious in such things, there is a strange account in Chapter IV. of Napoleon III.'s amorous adventures in Paris before his marriage with Mlle. de Montijo.

We heartily recommend Mr. Vandam's latest work to all lovers of light literature. In the way of criticism there is little to be said beyond the general remarks we have made. The writing is on the whole excellent; it has a French clearness and vivacity, but here and there a sentence gives the impression of having been hastily written—e.g. on p. 44 the passage beginning: "Though we shall meet," &c. Occasionally, too, we are reminded that Mr. Vandam (at least so we believe) is not an Englishman by birth. But, as a rule, his pen is remarkably fluent and correct. On p. 134 there is an obvious slip: Penelope's husband was not called Orestes. It only remains to be said that the book has a violet cover, and that the colour is warranted to come off on your fingers.

FICTION.

- "A Well-meaning Woman." By Clo Graves. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.
- "Judy, a Jilt." By Mrs. Conney. London: Jarrold & Sons. 1896.
- "The Magpie Jacket." By Nat Gould. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1896.
- "The World is Round." (Little Novel.) By Louisa Mack. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.
- "A Painter's Honeymoon." (Little Novel.) By Mildred Shenstone. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

ANY one who wishes to be entertained cannot do better than read "A Well-meaning Woman." In its own particular line, which nowhere touches depth or purpose, it is about as good as it could be. The dialogue is a stream of telling repartee, too well managed to be wearisome. The farcical situations are admirable, the caricatures most delicate. We have seldom read anything more amusing.

"Judy, a Jilt," is brightly written, and has a heroine who deserves better things than her very doleful end; the tone of the book, moreover, is not equal to the tragedies it insists upon. Judy's ruin was so deliberately her own act that one can hardly sympathize. Otherwise the story is good of its kind.

"The Magpie Jacket" is what the author has led us to expect from him—a medley of racing and love-making, the latter wooden and half-hearted, the former enthusiastic and sometimes stirring.

The two "Little Novels" are too clever and attractive to be buried in this very unprepossessing edition. We protest against its terrible print, mean cover, and third-rate appearance generally. So far, each volume of the Series has been well up to the standard of fair average fiction; the deprecating "get-up" seems to us an uncalled-for obstruction between the writers and their public.

"Among the Untrodden Ways." By M. E. Francis. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1896.

"Artie." By George Ade. Chicago: Herbert Stone & Co. 1896.

"The Changeling of Brandlesome." By Roma White. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

"An Impossible Person." By Constance Cotterell. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

"Anthony Blake's Experiment." London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1896.

We have no hesitation in calling "Among the Untrodden Ways" a charming book. The stories are delightfully full of fun and pathos, without a touch of sentimentality. "Tom's Second Missus" and "The Wooing of William" are the best of the merry ones. Among the more serious sketches, "The Ploughing of the Sunnyfields" is, perhaps, the strongest.

If any British reader gets through "Artie," undeterred by the all but unintelligible Chicago *argot* in which it is written, he will be well repaid. Artie is more alive than most of the people one meets between book-covers. With subtle differences, his type exists in our own cities, though we do not remember having come across it in fiction before to-day. The courtship scenes are drawn with a good deal of refinement, slang notwithstanding. The illustrations, all purporting to be portraits of the different characters, are as clever as the text.

"The Changeling of Brandlesome" is a pretty little historical romance, somewhat of the "novel for girls" order, but none the worse for that. It is attractively illustrated.

"An Impossible Person" is a brilliant sketch of an "intense" and gushing school-girl, married to an elderly *gourmand* whom she idealizes and adores, neglecting his dinner in her worship of the great soul she insists on ascribing to him. The fun and irony of it are capital. We take exception to the end. Really people should not die (in fiction) because a wicket-gate hits them on the temple.

"Anthony Blake's Experiment" has a charming little French heroine who leaves the *café chantant*, where she was a star, to go off with an impossible Russian and blackguard. Armande herself is prettily done, and some amusing village "gentry" of a stock type enliven the tale of her sorrows.

"The Rome Express." By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: John Milne. 1896.

"The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife." By Mrs. Edward Kennard. London: F. V. White & Co. 1896.

"The False Laurel." By O. Shakespear. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1896.

"The Wisdom of the Simple." By Nellie K. Blisset. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

"The Failure of Sybil Fletcher." By Adeline Sergeant. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

The author of "The Rome Express" knows a great deal about prisons and prisoners, but that does not alter the fact that he cannot write a good detective story, if we are to take this one as a specimen. The details are badly worked out, the devices weak and improbable. It is quite true that criminals constantly do incredibly foolish things in trying to evade justice; but the novelist is not

19 December, 1896

The Saturday Review.

659

thereby excused from the exercise of his own ingenuity.

"The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife" is a lively, somewhat illiterate, sketch of the trials of a wife whom the golf-fiend has all but widowed. Her retaliation, when her lord has caused one and all of the men-servants to neglect their indoor work for the hated links, is to take the cook and follow suit, leaving dinner to look after itself, with salutary effect upon a hungry husband. It is amusingly written.

"The False Laurel" has a depressing heroine who goes mad for no very apparent reason, and ends dolefully with our old favourite, the fatal sleeping draught. In real life this much-maligned potion might possibly, with perseverance, cause inconvenience to a fly, but it is, as a rule, rather more innocuous than the average cup of tea. The book is vague and not on the whole very interesting, though it is distinctly clever in parts.

"The Wisdom of the Simple" is partly made up of an exceedingly clumsy caricature of the "aesthetic" set of fifteen years ago, and partly of a rather neat study of a puritanical woman, married to a blatant would-be genius with "advanced" views. It is a mistake to make her suddenly write the book of the season. She was a pathetic figure while she was colourless and crushed, but ceases to be so after this commonplace and unconvincing development. If the author would avoid the use of very small sarcasms and the tendency to burlesque in treating her serious characters she would do better.

"The Failure of Sybil Fletcher" is one of Miss Adeline Sergeant's pleasantest books, though by no means one of her ablest. It is not worthy to be named in the same breath with her "Story of a Penitent Soul." Still, it has a good plot, well carried out, and is eminently readable.

MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

- "To Central Africa on an Iceberg." By Charles Squire and Frank Maclean. London : Jarrold & Sons. 1897.
- "The Great White Queen." By William Le Queux. London : F. V. White & Co. 1896.
- "The Young Pioneers ; or, With La Salle on the Mississippi." By Evelyn Everett-Green. London : T. Nelson & Sons. 1897.
- "Dominique's Vengeance." By E. Everett-Green. London : T. Nelson & Sons. 1897.
- "Clevely Sahib." By Herbert Hayens. London : T. Nelson & Sons. 1897.
- "The Pirate Junk." By John C. Hutcheson. London : F. V. White & Co. 1896.
- "Every Inch a Sailor." By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M. London : T. Nelson & Sons. 1897.
- "Fifty-two Stories of the British Navy." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. London : Hutchinson & Co. 1896.
- "Fifty-two Stories of Pluck and Peril for Boys." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. London : Hutchinson & Co. 1896.
- "Fifty-two Stories of Pluck, Peril, and Romance for Girls." Edited by Alfred H. Miles. London : Hutchinson & Co. 1896.
- "The Crystal City under the Sea." Translated from the French of André Laurie by L. A. Smith. London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1896.

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In the course of his 300 pages Mr. William Le Queux spills enough blood to float half the publishing houses in Covent Garden. Blood, mere unheroic blood, measured by the hogshead like any ordinary inhuman liquid, loses much of its intrinsic fascination. A true artist will remember this, and restrict himself to half a pint a page ; he will even put up with a black eye now and then for a change. Mr. Le Queux only stays the purple tide to introduce us to a red-hot iron crocodile engaged in masticating its worshippers, or a set of hydraulic scythes that would slice off our legs if we were not jolly careful. Unheroic horrors make but sombre reading ; however, happily for Mr. Le Queux, fathers and mothers and uncles are not in the habit of first reading the books they intend to give to the youngsters, else they would almost as soon think of brightening

the boys' Christmas holidays with M. Huysman's "Là-Bas" as with these chronicles of the mysterious kingdom in Central Africa.

Mrs. Everett-Green's two historical tales are well written and carefully connected pieces of work, both exciting and instructive. "Dominique's Vengeance" may be especially recommended ; it deals with the retribution that overtook the treacherous Spaniards who massacred that bold and honest Dieppois, Jean Ribaut, and his followers in Florida. The author does well to mention in a note the source from which her readers may gather more knowledge of the incidents that led to the two famous inscriptions : "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans," "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

Mr. Herbert Hayens's "Clevely Sahib" is rather wanting in story ; but it gives a vivid impression of the sufferings endured in the Khyber Pass after the evacuation of Cabul. The good-natured German "Meinherr" who says, "ze man vas todt, as todt as von herring," the "me one piece chop, chop" Chinaman, the "faix and begorra the potheen entoire" Irishman—all three old favourites of Neptune—appear on board Mr. John C. Hutcheson's "Star of the East," and help fight "The Pirate Junk."

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Boys who for some reason cannot get a new Jules Verne, and will not read an old one, may find a shadow, but only a faint shadow, of the master works in the translation of André Laurie's "The Crystal City," which tells how a young French lieutenant discovered the marvellous remnants of Atlantis.

Mrs. Strain's "School in Fairyland" (Unwin) is a fairy story on somewhat novel lines, and is charmingly illustrated, though whether by the author or not we are not told. The idea of the book is that the school is an ordinary one with fairies for teachers ; the romantic interest of tutelary exercises and examinations under such conditions is obvious. The developments of the story will give the young people delightful winter nights' dreams.

Mr. Fryer's little volume of "English Fairy Tales" (Swan Sonnenschein) is a sort of protest against our fairy stories being "made in Germany." He has collected some rather striking legends of the Grimm and Andersen order in the North-country and serves them up for small people in the belief that they will be both entertaining and useful.

"King Pippin" (Jarrold) is intended for children, but we cannot recommend it. It is not an uninteresting story, but it is a royal road to the very consummation from which the author is anxious to save her small friends. She does not want them to grow prematurely old. But when a mother shows her love for the babe whose father is at sea on the other side of the globe, Mrs. Ford makes the mother-in-law say, "Well, of all the fools I ever saw ! And to think Philip should marry her." This disagreeable old woman, who sneers at a mother's love, is not the sort of person whom children will be the better for knowing, even in fiction.

"God's Wine-Press," by Arthur Jenkinson (Warne & Co.), is a story to confirm one in a fit of melancholy. The wine of life—such seems to be the author's conviction—will be better in proportion as poor humanity is subjected to the most crushing of sorrows and the bitterest of trials. "A Stormy Voyager," by Miss Annie S. Swan (Hutchinson), is an improvement on Mr. Jenkinson, but the desire to be amused must be very small if it can be satisfied by "A Stormy Voyager." It is a mild ringing of the changes on the good old theme of a shopkeeper's daughter who is educated to notions above her station, and brings pain to the heart of the husband whom she only learns to understand when the requisite length of the story is reached.

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Company Registered under the Companies' Limited Liability Law, No. 5, of 1874, of the South African Republic.

CAPITAL - - - - £175,000

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT to JULY 31st, 1896.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

To the Shareholders of

GLYNN'S LYDENBURG, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN.—Your Directors have pleasure in submitting to you their Report for the period ended 31st July, 1896, together with the Balance Sheet as on this date duly audited.

SHARE CAPITAL.

The Company was formed on the 8th October, 1895, with a registered Capital of £175,000 in £1 shares.

This Capital was originally dealt with as follows:—

Issued in exchange for Mineral Rights of Farm "Grootfontein," 1,327 Lydenburg, in extent 3,034 morgen	130,000 Shares.
Issued at par to provide Working Capital	20,000 "
Held in Reserve	25,000 "
	175,000 "

By resolution of a Directors' Meeting held on the 28th February, 1896, under clause 115 of the Company's Articles of Association, 10,000 of the 25,000 Reserve Shares above mentioned were issued in exchange for the freehold of 2,840 morgen of the same farm, so that 15,000 Shares still remain in reserve.

OPERATIONS OF THE COMPANY.

The operations of the Company to date and its prospects are dealt with in the reports of your Consulting Engineer, Mr. E. Wertherman, your General Manager, Mr. E. Hoefer, and Mr. A. L. Neale, the Manager at the Mine, attached.

GENERAL MANAGER'S REPORT.

To the Chairman and Directors.—

GENTLEMEN.—Herewith I have the honour to submit Manager's Report of operations on your Property for year ending 31st July, 1896. This exhaustive report clearly shows that your Company has now 78,281 tons of ore available, the development of which has only cost £5,178.

The assay plan has been prepared with great care, all samples taken being averages of the reef at the points indicated; and the assays of samples were made under my direction at Pilgrim's Rest. The average assay value is 38 dwt per ton for 434 samples. This result is much higher than our most sanguine hopes had led us to expect, and I therefore consider that it is a very safe assumption to put the yield per ton from milling and cyaniding at 20 dwt. fine gold.

The total operating costs should not exceed 40s. per ton of ore treated. This figure may appear excessive, but it must be remembered that crushing will commence with only 10 stamps, and, further, that the extraordinarily adverse conditions now existing in this district greatly militate against low

ACCOUNTS.
The Balance Sheet may be summarised as follows:—

ASSETS.					
Mineral Rights and Freehold Farm "Grootfontein," 1,327 Lydenburg	140,434	3	0	£140,434	3 0
Buildings and Plant	3,210	10	6	4,605	10 6
Cash	1,395	0	0	6,425	4 7
Other Assets	1,507	3	5	1,927	16 0
Expenditure to 31st July, 1896	409	17	7	8,650	1 4
					£162,042 15 5

LIABILITIES.					
Capital	160,000	0	0	£160,000	0 0
Creditors	2,042	15	5		
					£162,042 15 5

PARIS AGENCY.

The Banque Francaise de l'Afrique du Sud have been appointed the Paris Agents of the Company.

DIRECTORS.

In terms of the Articles of Association of the Company Messrs. Lionel Phillips, H. W. Glenny, D. H. Benjamin, Abe Bailey, J. P. Fitzpatrick, Frank Watkins, and H. T. Glynn retire, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. D. Fraser and T. J. Ball also retire, but offer themselves for re-election, and you are requested to fix their remuneration for the past audit.

GEO. ROULIOT, } Directors.
F. WATKINS, }

Balance Sheet, 31st July, 1896.

CR.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	DR.
By Property—Mineral Rights of Farm Grootfontein, 1,327 Lydenburg, 3,034 morgen in extent, and Freehold of 2,840 morgen of same	140,434	3	0				
" Buildings and Permanent Works	3,210	10	6				
" Plant	1,395	0	0				
" Mining Stores	1,507	3	5				
" Furniture (Head Office)	10	15	0				
" Debtors	409	17	7				
" Cash (at Bankers on current account and in hands of Manager)	6,425	4	7				
	153,392	14	1				
By Mine Expenditure to 31st July, 1896:—							
Preliminary Expenses	64	3	0				
Development, including Tram Lines, Trucks, and Mining Tools, valued at £500	5,178	16	9				
Salaries	1,394	4	7				
Stable Expenses	88	11	7				
Office and Sundry Expenses	94	15	5				
	6,820	11	4				
By Head Office Expenditure to 31st July, 1896:—							
Preliminary Legal Expenses	137	5	6				
Salaries	386	13	4				
Stationery, Printing, and Sundries	150	10	2				
London Agent's Charges	321	8	4				
Directors' Fees	833	6	8				
	1,829	10	0				
	£162,042	15	5				

THE VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, Limited.

Balance Sheet, 30 June, 1896.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Capital Authorised—			
200,000 Shares of £1 each	200,000 0 0		
By Cost of Property purchased from the Van Ryn Estate and Gold Mining Co., Ltd., including Furniture in London and South Africa, Buildings, Machinery, Tools and Appliances, Live Stock, &c., in South Africa			87,965 0 0
,, Capital Issued—			
176,886 Shares of £1 each fully paid	176,886 0 0		
Less Calls in arrear (since paid)	2 0 0		
176,884 0 0			
,, Fractional Certificates not Surrendered	63 0 0		
,, Creditors—			
Outstanding in London	3,967 18 5		
,, S. Africa	7,755 12 6		
Bank overdraft Johannesburg	4,474 7 1		
Dividends unpaid or unclaimed	80 12 0		
	16,228 10 0		
,, Premium Account—			
Being Premium on 16,886 Shares :—			
9,886 Shares @ £5 premium being part of 10,000	49,430 0 0		
(NOTE.—The balance of 114 shares were unissued at 30 June, 1895.)			
7,000 Shares @ £4 premium being part of 10,000	28,000 0 0		
(NOTE.—The balance of 3,000 were sold firm previous to 30 June, but not issued.)			
	74,430 0 0		
Less Calls in arrear (since paid)	10 0 0		
	77,420 0 0		
Deduct following amounts written off :—			
Mine Development	£36,919 8 6		
Prospecting	83 14 8		
Estate	1,736 3 11		
Depreciation on Machinery and Plant (5 per cent. on £39,973 6 4) ..	4,498 13 3		
Surface Works	5,534 9 11		
Machine Tools	85 2 4		
Tools and Appliances	664 9 6		
	49,519 2 1		
	27,900 17 11		
,, Bills Payable—			
Accepted	5,000 0 0		
In Transit	15,000 0 0		
	20,000 0 0		
,, Profit and Loss Account—			
Balance at Credit 30 June, 1895	21,274 8 3		
Profit for Year	22,277 18 6		
	43,552 6 9		
Less Interim Dividend No. 1, 20 per cent. on £100,000, paid 15 January, 1896	32,000 0 0		
	11,552 6 9		
(NOTE.—There are liabilities entered into in respect of machinery, &c., ordered for future delivery, which are not included in the Balance Sheet. There is also a liability in connection with an action pending, to which reference is made in the Directors' Report.)		£252,668 14 8	
,, Suspense Account			
(Charges and Licences re Van Ryn (North) property to be subsequently dealt with)			3,171 0 0
,, Gold in Transit			4,483 11 5
,, Appeal Deposit (£1,000 Transvaal 5 per Cent. Bonds at cost)			1,058 10 0
,, Ore Reserves—			
In Stopes	1,700 Tons	1,020 0 0	
At Grass	2,220 "	1,520 17 10	
			2,540 17 10
,, Cash at Bankers and in Hand—			
South Africa	2,906 11 6		
London	12,835 4 5		
In hand	2 8 8		
			15,714 4 1
			£252,668 14 8

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account with the books and Vouchers in London, the returns from South Africa, certified by the Local Auditor, having been duly incorporated therein, and we certify that, in our opinion, the Balance Sheet correctly represents the position of the affairs of the Company on 30th June, 1896.

4 Lothbury, London, E.C.
10 December, 1895.

DELOTTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & CO., Auditors.
Chartered Accountants.

THE VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, Limited.

Profit and Loss Account.

1 July, 1895, to 30 June, 1896.

To	Charges per South African Accounts—	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	By	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
	Working Costs:			Gold Account	20,259 00 or,	74,018 12 5	
Per ton.				Concentrates	225 85 "	642 1 5	
10 16 5 88 Mining.. 48,354 Tons	£39,869 3 3			Cyanide Gold	4,195 05 "	13,212 4 5	
0 3 4 23 Milling.. do.	8,105 9 0						87,372 18 3
0 1 9 60 Maintenance	4,392 17 7			" Rents—Johannesburg	270 8 9	
0 0 10 26 Transport	2,807 19 7			" Licenses	519 6 7	
0 5 2 09 Cyaniding 49,525 Tons..	8,043 5 5			" Native Passes	33 1 6	
		£2,618 14 10		" Transfer Fees	314 8 6	
£1 7 8 95				" Profit on Tailings Venture	5,725 0 10	
				" Interest from Deposits	86 16 3	
	General Expenses—						
	Bank Charges	627 8 4					
	Salaries	2,316 3 3					
	Insurance	930 7 8					
	Cablegrams	139 14 11					
	Legal Expenses	258 5 7					
	General Charges	1,400 16 11					
		5,572 14 8					
	London Office Charges—						
	Directors' Remuneration	1,549 19 4					
	Printing and Stationery	337 17 6					
	Cablegrams	53 9 6					
	Legal Expenses	131 14 6					
	General Charge	1,486 3 7					
	(Agency Charges, Salaries, Rent, Postages and Telegrams, Advertising, &c.)						
	Bank Charges	189 17 7					
	Accountants' Charges	213 12 7					
	Consulting Engineer's Fees	87 10 0					
	Income Tax	220 8 1					
		4,252 12 8					
	Balance carried to Appropriation Account	22,277 18 6					
		£94,822 0 8					£94,822 0 8

(Note.—No credit is taken in
these Accounts for any profit
resulting from the sales of
property to the Van Ryn
West Mining Company,
Limited, and the Van Ryn
North Exploration and
Mining Company, Limited.)

(Note.—There is a small con-
tingent claim against this Com-
pany in respect of share of
profit on tree plantation
made by the Curator, subject
to adjustment.)

Appropriation Account.

(Dividend No. 1.)

To	£ s. d.	By	£ s. d.
To Interim Dividend, No. 1, 20 % on £160,000, paid 15 January, 1896	32,000 0 0	Balance brought down..	22,277 18 6
Balance carried to Balance Sheet	11,552 6 9	" Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30 June, 1896	21,274 8 3
	£43,552 6 9		£43,552 6 9

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